

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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THE THING THAT GOES
THE FARTHEST TOWARDS
MAKING LIFE WORTH
WHILE·THAT COSTS THE
LEAST AND DOES THE
MOST·IS JUST A PLEASANT
SMILE··THE SMILE THAT
BUBBLES FROM A HEART

THAT LOVES ITS FELLOWMEN WILL DRIVE
AWAY THE CLOUDS OF GLOOM AND COAX
THE SUN AGAIN··IT'S FULL OF WORTH AND
GOODNESS TOO·WITH MANLY KINDNESS
BLENT—IT'S WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS
AND DOESN'T COST A CENT—WILBUR D. NESBIT

IN THE NEXT ISSUE AND JUST AHEAD

JULY 10

THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT

By Ralph D. Paine

Chapter I, in which Joe Runnels, Sidney Torr
and Conky Rider conflict

WHAT DO YOU LIKE?

By Frances Lester Warner

A sparkling paper for girls on the question of
taste

A LONG-HORNED ALLY

By H. F. Grinstead

The ugly steer fights side by side with the boy
against the wolves

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A radio man saves a ship though his apparatus
is broken

NANCY: REFORMER PRO TEM

By Florence S. Page

She cleverly teaches the art of making friends

THE DEPUTY'S DECOY

By H. F. Grinstead

The deputy foils the desperado with a dummy

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HEARTBURN

HEARTBURN is a form of indigestion of common occurrence, though it is more properly called a symptom than a form of indigestion, for it may occur with various kinds of indigestion. At a variable time after eating the sufferer feels a peculiar sensation, more nearly described by the word "burning" than by any other, in the stomach or in the gullet behind the lower end of the breast bone. It is probably because the sensation occurs in the place where the heart is popularly supposed to be that the condition received its name; or it may be that the name is the result of trying to translate the medical term "cardialgia," which means a painful sensation at the cardiac, or upper orifice of the stomach. In some cases there is in addition to the burning regurgitation of more or less acid fluid into the esophagus or even as high as the pharynx; this symptom is called water brash, or pyrosis.

Either heartburn or regurgitation may be owing to one or another of several digestive disturbances. In most cases, fortunately, the underlying trouble is not serious. It may be a reflex from eyestrain, or it may be purely nervous and brought on by worry or overwork, especially mental work resumed too soon after eating; it may be a result of autointoxication caused by intestinal indigestion or to poisons elaborated in some suppurating focus in the tonsils or in one or more of the nasal sinuses or at the roots of the teeth; it may be caused by overeating, especially eating too much meat or sweets, by intemperance in the use of coffee, tea, chocolate or alcohol or by smoking too many cigarettes. Disease of the liver or of the gall bladder, ulcer of the stomach or duodenum or tumors of any of the digestive organs or of the kidneys often give rise to heartburn, and lastly, curiously enough, broken arches or other foot troubles may by disturbing the nervous system cause very distressing heartburn, or water brash.

In all those cases the actual condition expressed by the symptom is probably a temporary arrest of the normal downward wave in the digestive tract, and as soon as the descending current of the contents of the stomach and intestines is reestablished the heartburn ceases. That can often be effected by gently but deeply rubbing the upper part of the abdomen to the right and slightly downward. Sometimes drinking water or eating a few dry crackers will do it. The water will be more efficacious if a little bicarbonate of soda is dissolved in it. If the trouble persists and recurs, a laxative taken for a few days will restore the normal downward habit of the bowels.

EASTWARD WITH THE ORIENT EXPRESS

A CURIOUS, colorful, fascinating ride is that from Paris to Belgrade or Constantinople on the Orient Express. As you pass eastward you see Western Europe slipping away both within and without the railway carriages. Mr. Otis Peabody Swift, writing in Travel, tells how the change comes about as the train leaves Italy and passes into Croatia:

But as I write the train has left Zagr b and puffs on across that great wide plain. Europe seems far away—ages and ages away. Is it weeks or years since we left the tumult of Paris, the super-civilization of Swiss hotels? Even here in the dining car everything has changed. Those tweed-clad American and English tourists have disappeared. They dropped off at Montreux and Maggiore and Milan. We lost the last of them at Venice. We miss their white collars, their immaculate baggage, the sound of English words.

The people who now fill the dining car are a dark-skinned, swarthy crew speaking wild and guttural tongues. The men have not shaved today, for there are no disgustingly critical Americans or Englishmen to notice and comment upon them. The Bulgarian diplomat who

was so proper and conventional yesterday when in broken French he discussed reparations with the English King's Messenger has taken off his coat and collar and is sitting in pink-striped silk shirt sleeves, rolling cigarettes and eating with his fingers. He is getting home, back where he can do as he pleases again, where he need not heed the absurd conventions of Western Europe.

The two women in compartment 15-16 have emerged today. They are Roumanians from Bucharest—handsome lithe creatures with heavily enamelled faces, henna hair, black beaded eyelashes, expensive slinky Paris frocks, the skirts of which drag about the pointed toes of their red-heeled shoes. They are drenched with a heavy perfume that hangs almost visibly in the smoke-laden air of the stuffy car.

All windows are closed of course. Yesterday they were kept open; the Americans and English insisted on that. But today there are only two Americans, and they want to see these Balkan people as they are—and the Balkan people are showing them.

Men and women are drinking huge quantities of white wine, smoking endless cigarettes, chatting, laughing, squabbling noisily in myriad tongues. Yes, yesterday all these people spoke French, for there were Europeans present who must be impressed. But today they are getting home; the Europeans are gone; once again the brave Balkan barbarism is shutting in about them.

9 9

THE LAZY MAN'S CALENDAR

THE lazy man's view of the proper relation between work and leisure is shown in this ingenious table that a correspondent of the Boston Herald contributes to that newspaper:

Each year has 365 days
If you sleep 8 hours a day, it equals . . . 122 days

leaving 243 days
If you rest 8 hours a day, it equals . . . 122 days

leaving 121 days
There are 52 Sundays 52 days

leaving 69 days
If you have Saturday half holidays . . . 26 days

leaving 43 days
Allowance for lunches, sickness and other things 28 days

leaving 15 days
Two weeks' vacation 14 days

This leaves 1 day
On which, since it is Labor Day, no one works.

9 9

DID HE ATTEND THE PARTY? NO, HE WENT TO BED!

HERE is a laughable story of an absent-minded man—no, not a college professor this time, but a young fellow in his early twenties. He had been invited to attend a leap-year party and—courageous youth!—had accepted. The young lady who was to be his escort called for him at the appointed hour and was informed that he was dressing. (Men are always late, aren't they?) She waited for some time, but the young man did not appear.

At last his mother went up to his room to hurry him, and, gracious! she found him in bed! While he was removing his everyday clothes his mind had wandered to some other matter, and habit had done the rest.

Our contributor who sends us the story adds that, if the young lady who called had been "his own particular young lady," he might not have forgotten all about her. Perhaps not. As it was, perhaps he was more cautious than absent-minded. Remember, it was a leap-year party!

9 9

BUTTERFLIES IN KHAKI

THE South African premier, General Smuts, tells an amusing anecdote concerning the arrival in what was then German South-west Africa—it was in the early stages of the war—of certain small reinforcements from England. The draft, says the Argonaut, was made up mostly of young soldiers from one of the southern shires, and the lads, fresh from their own green fields, viewed the dusty landscape with manifest disapproval.

Presently a swarm of locusts happened along; thereupon one of the boys exclaimed in deep disgust: "I say, Bill, I'm blessed if everything in this 'ere worthless country ain't in khaki! Look at them butterflies!"

9 9

A POET WHO'D HAVE YOU KNOW IT

POETS are not of necessity either modest or arrogant. There are examples of both tempers. But a poet who has a fixed conviction of his own greatness can have few rivals in the intensity of his self-satisfaction. In a critical article on the work of Mr. James Joyce, Mr. H. S. Gorman recalls Mr. Joyce's remark when he was introduced to Mr. William B. Yeats, the Irish poet who has just received the Nobel Prize for literature.

"We have met too late," said Joyce superbly. "You are too old to be influenced by me."



A Dessert that Costs a Dollar

Peach Melba, a dollar a portion on the menu of a good hotel, is simply a fine peach canned whole served on a bed of plain ice cream and covered with a fruit syrup. Any housewife who cans skilfully can serve Peach Melba for a few cents to her family and guests.

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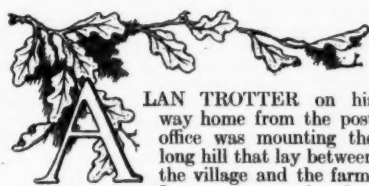
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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ALAN TROTTER on his way home from the post office was mounting the long hill that lay between the village and the farm. It was a rare spring day.

The woods were a-twitter with new bird voices, and still, blue columns rose like Apache signals from the burning brush heaps in the opens. Now and then a sheep on the upland pastures uttered a plaintive baa-a-a, to which distance lent its mellowing influence. All sounds were as gentle as the mild atmosphere through which they came to Alan's ears, and it was with something of a shock that, as he came to the first level in the ascent, he heard the keen, echoless report of a rifle farther up the road.

"Some one scaring squirrels from his cherry trees," he thought the next moment and continued his leisurely way.

At the end of the long climb a turn in the road brought him to the edge of his own land, and he saw his father and Zeke, the hired man, rattling down the driveway in the old blue-bodied wagon. Mr. Trotter drew up and waited for him outside the gate, with his face set in a way that Alan knew of old meant trouble.

"Jump in, my boy," said the farmer abruptly. "I may need your help."

As Alan sprang up beside Zeke, who sat swinging his legs from the rear of the wagon, he saw for the first time a huge, wedge-shaped animal head, evidently freshly severed from its body, lying on the flooring. "What's up, Zeke?" he asked, astonished.

The hired man chuckled nervously. "Your pa's shot one of Coggeshall's pigs," he said. "Then he cut the head off'n him. I don't just know what he's going to do now."

Mr. Hamilton Coggeshall, a New York multi-millionaire, had descended on the little village the summer before and purchased a large tract of forest and deserted farm land, which he proposed to turn into a game preserve. He had built a handsome rustic house, which he unimaginatively called the Lodge, and had girdled his property with a haughtily high wire fence behind which already roamed a small herd of deer and a number of imported wild boars.

The Trotters' trout farm adjoined one side of the preserve. The spring in which the trout brook had its source was on Coggeshall's land. It was a sluggish little stream at best and inclined to run perilously low in August; but by much digging and lureful damming Mr. Trotter had made that part



HOW THE CASE WAS SETTLED

of it which flowed through his bottom land so successful a trout hatchery that it had finally become the mainstay of the farm.

Coggeshall had cast a longing eye on the Trotter acres from the first. He was an imperious man, used to putting a money value on everything, and he threw Trotter an offer with scant courtesy.

When Trotter refused it with equal abruptness Coggeshall came back in his best bullying manner.

The farmer had a temper of his own. There had been high words, and the ill will was increased when some of Coggeshall's boars broke through the hastily erected fence and glutted themselves on Trotter's young grain. Trotter declared that he would shoot the next "German pig" he found on his place, and now Alan saw that he had been only too true to his word. He was curious to hear how the thing had happened, but Zeke had become immersed in a flaring red-and-yellow covered periodical, one of a kind that could always be seen projecting from the hip pocket of his loam-colored trousers; and Alan knew from the look of the back of his father's neck that he was in one of his grim fits; nothing but a rebuff was to be expected from an appeal to him.

The road wound through a pleasant country of mingled woodland and sunny pasture. There was a scent of wild flowers in the breeze, and the hearty tang of broken earth. But Alan was too uneasy to enjoy his ride, and when he saw the glitter of Coggeshall's wire fence among the trees and realized that the entrance to the Lodge was close at hand he roused Zeke by a slight nudge in the side.

"Eh!" exclaimed Zeke. "My, but you scared me, Alan! I'd just reached where a couple of masked desperadoes sprung out on the Deadwood coach. It's enough to stunt a man to be hit sudden at a time like that."

"I wouldn't read those stories if they put my nerves in such a state," retorted Alan. "But say, Zeke, what's father going to do?"

"Oh, somethin' desp'rite, I guess," said Zeke hopefully.

Recalled to the fact that real life still held some interesting moments, Zeke returned the pamphlet to his pocket and looked about him. "Why, if we ain't right there!" he said. "Wonder if your pa's going to drive in."

Mr. Trotter did turn in, but when old Dolly had passed under the ornate arch that sprang from two log towers, one on either side of the driveway, he stopped the wagon suddenly. "Here, Alan, take the reins while Zeke and I finish this job," he said, and his voice was curt with determination.

He climbed back over the seat and directed Zeke to lift the boar's head and hold it against the face of the arch. As they stood in the wagon the arch came nearly on a level with the hired man's shoulders, but the head was heavy, and it was only after much effort that Zeke hoisted it to the desired position. With deft, quick taps Trotter drove a ring of nails through the thick skin into the wood.

"There," he exclaimed at last, "I guess it'll hold. That'll do, Zeke."

"But, father, what's the good of all this?" expostulated Alan, unable to restrain his tongue longer. "Isn't it enough to kill the boar without—without insulting Coggeshall into the bargain?"

"Insulting!" Trotter glared at his son as he slowly returned to his seat. "I told Coggeshall I'd shoot his pigs, and I'm showing him that I ain't afraid now that I've done it. Don't you interfere in this, Alan. I know my man; he's too tough-skinned to appreciate anything less than a knock-down argument like this. Now I guess he'll mend his fences."

Alan was not convinced. The act seemed to him crude and theatrical. The drive back to the farm was made in silence; but Zeke at least was content. From his seat in the rear of the wagon he had a prolonged view of the gray-bristled head waiting to give its sardonic welcome to the master of the Lodge. The thought of that meeting filled Zeke with joy. "Right in his teeth!" he murmured ecstatically. "Thus do we give old Coggeshall our defi!"

When the first turn in the road hid the interesting sight behind its leafy screen Zeke's hand strayed backward toward the ever-exciting periodical in his pocket.

Alan felt sure that the multi-millionaire would retaliate in good time. When on the third morning after the death of the boar a vivid red spot came flashing down the road from the direction of the Lodge he stayed the hand with which he was scattering yellow kernels to the hens and watched the rider with curiosity not unmixed with apprehension.

The red coat blazed royally, and the sun struck a spark of gold from a horn hanging at the man's side. Presently four or five large yellow-and-white dogsloped by the farm gate, but the horseman turned in between the lichen-covered stone posts. Halfway up the

By Fisher Ames

drive he put the horn to his lips and blew a dictatorial, brazen note that brought Zeke running from the barn, pitchfork in hand. Mr. Trotter, with a heavy, purposeful step, appeared from the same direction just as the rider had pulled his hard-mouthed horse to a stand.

"Is Mr. Trotter here?" demanded the newcomer.

"I'm he," said Trotter, and he strode forward, frowning interrogatively.

The rider fumbled in the breast of his red coat and drew out a letter. "A message from Mr. Coggeshall, sir," he said.

Trotter took the letter between an ungracious thumb and forefinger. The rider touched his peaked cap, wheeled his horse and was off down the driveway at a gallop. Zeke stared fixedly until the red coat had become a blurred spot of color on the high-road. "If he'd said the least word to your pa, I'd have forked him outern the saddle in a wink," he confided to Alan.

With a sudden gesture Trotter shook the open letter at his son. "He threatens me," he said harshly. "Listen to this."

He read the opening sentences hurriedly and then let his voice settle to a grave, distinct pitch as he spoke the obnoxious phrases:

The law allows me, as you probably know, the right to the ordinary use of the water flowing past my land, for the purpose of supplying my natural wants, including the use of it for domestic purposes and for my stock. For these purposes I may, if necessary, consume all the water of the stream. In view of the large and increasing number of my live stock I find it will be necessary so to do. My men are now engaged in the construction of a dam which may have the regrettable result of depriving your farm of running water.

Very truly yours,

Hamilton Lewis Coggeshall.

"I can't believe he has the right," said Alan, flushing. "The stream's ours as much as it is his!"

"The law is sometimes a broken reed for the poor," said his father gloomily. "He may have the right to ruin me, or he may not; but if it came to litigation, it might take years to settle the point. Coggeshall would think the money well spent; win or lose, he would drain me to the bottom."

He passed his hand loosely over his angular chin; the strong lines of his face were suddenly flaccid. He had worked so long to establish the hatchery, and now his hard-won success was to be nullified in a moment by the decree of this man of millions. If the stream were dammed now, there would be barely an inch of water in it by August.

"Well," he said at last with a long indrawing of the breath, "I believe I'll hitch up Dolly and drive down to Lawyer Snow's. He's an old friend and won't play me for the fees to be made out of the case. He'll tell me up and down as to my chances."

"Perhaps he can get out an injunction," said Alan with hopeful vagueness.

"Yes," assented his father. Then he added half drearily: "You might as well go to cutting on the ridge lot again. There's no call to stop the whole machinery."

It was some relief to Alan to have immediate work to do. While his father and Zeke returned to the barn to harness Dolly he got his axe from the woodshed and, whistling to his dog Fang, a powerful, heavy-jowled nondescript, he started down the slope toward the meadow.

The Trotters had cleared their part of the interval and widened and deepened the brook so that it showed open to the sun, a respectable ribbon of water expanding at intervals into small, screened pools. On Coggeshall's side of the fence, however,



DRAWINGS BY WILL CRAWFORD



nature had been left to herself, and the wide central belt of cattails and swamp shrubs that bisected the meadow swallowed up all trace of the little stream.

Alan crossed the foot bridge and the strip of spongy turf beyond and began the ascent of the wooded ridge that formed the western wall of the small valley. After a ten-minute climb he reached a partly cleared area; then he laid aside his coat and, rolling up his sleeves over his brown, sinewy arms, set lustily to work. Alan was an expert with the bright blade. As it bit deep into the living wood little thrills of pleasure tingled through his arms. The furrow between his eyebrows faded gradually, and presently he was whistling. The litter of white chips at his feet grew steadily thicker, impregnating the air with the spicy, pungent odor of sap.

Such a sure panacea is healthy labor that when Alan laid aside his axe at noon it was with muscles glowing and a mind lifted above the troublous thoughts of the morning. He called Fang from his bed under a fern-fringed boulder and, flinging his axe over his shoulder, started homeward.

Spread out below him in its shades of varying green lay the farm, with the little stream flowing through it like a silver artery. Artery indeed it was, for did not the life of the farm come from it? It would be like injuring a sentient creature to stop its gentle current. The law could not countenance so harsh an act!

On the heels of his thought Alan's gaze went over toward Coggeshall's land. Along the wide meadow strip between the rising hill and the belt of swamp growth two horse-men were cantering. One had the easily recognizable bulky shape of the master of the Lodge. The other was a dapper little figure on a spotted pony—Coggeshall's son, no doubt, the small chap that the farmers spoke of as having been born with a gold spoon in his mouth.

The two riders were some distance below him, cantering directly toward the path that ran close to the division fence. Two yellow-and-white hounds frisked ahead, diving in and out of the swamp growth as if they thought a hunt were on, and presently one lifted his voice in a round, bell-like note such as Alan had never heard before.

A chorus of piercing squeals set Fang growling, and suddenly a litter of young pigs burst from the reeds and scampered away in all directions. Close behind them lumbered an old sow, grunting explosively and swinging this way and that to show that she was ready to resist a rear attack. But the hounds had found more attractive game. In spite of Coggeshall's angry call their baying grew more threatening. Then it ceased all at once, and a huge boar lunged into the open.

It happened that the Coggeshalls were standing directly in the brute's path. The father spoke sharply to his son, and the two wheeled their horses and gave them the whip. But before they had taken a dozen strides one of the pony's forelegs broke through an old muskrat tunnel, and he went down on his nose, flinging his small rider sprawling.

Alan recognized the boy's danger and sprang toward the fence. Fang was there before him, and, realizing what an ally the big dog would be, his master boosted him, clawing frantically at the meshes, over the top. The next instant he had climbed the barrier and, axe in hand, ran toward the fallen rider.

It is possible that the boar's desire at first had been only to get away, but the yapping dogs and the various figures that seemed to block his retreat disconcerted and angered him. It takes little to arouse the fighting blood of a surly boar, and when the deep-set, morose eyes perceived one of his presumed antagonists down it seemed to him that here was the point through which he could cut his way out with the least trouble and the most honor.

He charged unhesitatingly, with his bristles up like wire along his high chine and his gray snout wrinkling for the impact between his long, dirty-yellow tusks.

Coggeshall missed his son at that moment and, turning in his saddle, saw the little fellow lying stunned on the turf. The pony was just struggling to his feet when with an ascending note, half grunt, half squeal, the boar struck him on one fat haunch and left a gaping, red line there.

Coggeshall wheeled his horse and struck him with the spurs as if to ride down the big, gray creature, but his mount snorted with fear and swung to one side, fighting at the bit. The man roared at the dogs, which evidently had no fancy to come to close quarters with their vicious quarry; then he rolled

from the saddle. With nothing but the futile lacquered crop in his hand he started back toward his son.

The boar had pranced after his slashing stroke and now was standing with grinding jaws, undetermined what to do next. He saw his opponents closing in upon him and concluded that it was time to quit the field—but not until he had left his mark on the small figure in front of him.

It would have gone badly for young Coggeshall but for Fang. As if to show the German hounds what unpedigreed stock could do, the grim dog bounded straight at the boar's front. But instead of throwing himself on the ready tusks he turned at the critical moment and caught the boar solidly by the ham.

"Hold him, Fang! Hold him, old fellow!" cheered Alan, dashing past the panting Coggeshall.

The boar spun about with such strength and agility that he threw Fang from his grip. He made a vicious lunge at the dog, then turned again and started for the boy, who had risen in a dazed fashion to his hands and knees.

Reckless of the danger that he ran Alan sprang forward to head the brute off. Out of the corner of his wicked little eye the boar saw him coming, but as the brute swerved to meet him Fang, running up from behind, sank his teeth in the gray haunch and braced with all four feet.

Alan whirled up his axe and struck

downward. The keen blade hit the backbone, drawn taut by the weight of Fang, and severed it as if it had been a pipestem. The boar's head dropped forward, and he fell in a heap with his snout plowing a black furrow in the turf.

Coggeshall's first thought was naturally for his son. When he found that the little fellow was more frightened than hurt he held out his hand to Alan with a grateful sound in his throat. "God bless you, Trotter!" he said simply.

Not very keen of perception, he read the answering flush that flooded Alan's cheek as a sign of disinclination to receive his thanks. The big white fingers held the brown palm hard. Somewhat awkwardly, but looking Alan squarely in the eye, he added: "Don't think I'm trying to pay you,—I can never do that,—but I want to say that so long as I am owner of the Lodge the stream shall never be disturbed. Tell your father that I shall try to be a better neighbor. Won't you believe me?"

"I do," said Alan, returning the other's grip involuntarily.

Coggeshall made his little son come forward and shake Alan's hand. Then, seeing that Alan was much embarrassed, he let him go after exacting his promise to pay an early visit to the Lodge.

As Alan walked back to the farm his heart seemed to be singing. He saw with smiling anticipation that old Dolly was standing by the trough. His father, who was slowly

recovering the mare's bridle, looked up at him with an expression of sad preoccupation as he came by the barn.

"It's no use, Alan," said Trotter. "Snow tells me it's a delicate case. Coggeshall seems to have the letter of the law on his side. That's as good as winning, for I haven't the money to fight."

"There isn't any case now," replied Alan, smiling, "thanks to old Fang—and this." He held out the axe with its red-stained blade.

"Lord a-massey, if he ain't killed old Coggeshall!" exclaimed Zeke in a burst of imagination.

"Pshaw! Dime novels have turned your brain, Zeke," said Alan, laughing. He turned to his father and modestly related the encounter and its result.

Trotter was inexpressibly pleased, but at the same time he laid a gentle hand on his tall son's shoulder. "Better that I should lose the whole farm, my boy, than that you should run such a risk again," he said.

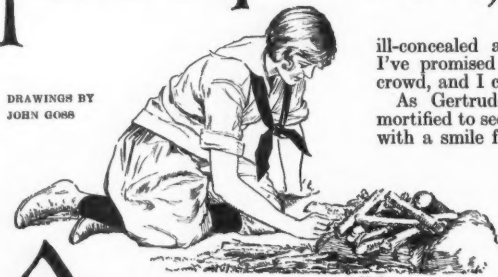
An expression that looked remarkably like one of disappointment had settled upon Zeke's countenance.

As he slowly retraced his steps toward the barn he saw a flock of pullets advancing with high, deceitful strides on the sweet-pea bed. He stooped down and, picking up a stick, charged them furiously.

As they fled, squawking, he looked after them darkly. "Them Plymouths thought they was in on this general peace-an'-good will. I'll show 'em! Seat, you!"

FIFTY-FIFTY · By Elizabeth Putnam Huntington

DRAWINGS BY
JOHN GOSS



ANNA McHUGH had been at summer camp two weeks before she was obliged to admit to herself that dashing Evelyn Stoddard had sound claims to the warm affection and admiration with which virtually all the girls regarded her. Evelyn was spirited, attractive, athletic, clever, a "good mixer" and apparently unspoiled by her popularity. Anna, on the other hand, was shy in public, awkward at sociables and games, a great bookworm and slow in becoming used to the various camp activities. Reared by a precise maiden aunt in a small town, she found it hard to reach out to the other girls at Camp Goodwill and talk, walk, play and work with them naturally.

Volatile Evelyn had seemed to her from the first not too conscientious about her work, prone to laziness and too much laughter and trading on her popularity a little too obviously to suit Anna's stern ideals. "It's just that she's attractive, I suppose," Anna had often mused. "I can't honestly blame people for liking her."

That had been on the afternoon before the first "stunt evening," a time-honored fortnightly occasion when every member of the camp was called on to entertain the company with some sort of stunt, the more amusing the better. The girls might arrange their stunts in groups, but it was understood that it would be wrong for any student to back out of the evening's programme and refuse to do her bit. That kind of reticence implied lack of proper sporting spirit—a commodity that the preceptors at Goodwill spent their summers in cultivating.

Anna had passed a wretched forenoon; plans for the evening's fun were hot afoot, and little excited groups of girls were already laying their heads together with anticipatory giggles. But in all these flurries of preparation no one had approached Anna to solicit her help or to ask her to make one of a group. At last, desperate, she had made the effort herself. Seeing Gertrude Seton, a plump, phlegmatic girl whose awkwardness had several times thrown her into Anna's bashful company, she hailed her and suggested that they do their stunt together.

"Sorry, Anna," replied Gertrude, with an

ill-concealed air of self-satisfaction, "but I've promised to go with Fuzzy and her crowd, and I couldn't back out of course."

As Gertrude bustled away, Anna was mortified to see Evelyn Stoddard eyeing her with a smile from where she was lounging in the opening to her tent a few paces from Anna's.

"Laughing at me," thought Anna angrily and glanced at her coolly, but Evelyn was already strolling towards her and saying in a nonchalant way:

"I say, Anna, it's sort of a nuisance, this stunt idea, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do," said Anna bluntly. "But I shouldn't think you'd mind it—not with all the things you can do, and with people just begging you to help them out on all sides."

"Oh, I don't know about that," murmured Evelyn. Then she added sincerely: "See here, will you join up with Daphne Prentiss and myself? We've a good little stunt cooked up, but it calls for three instead of two and—"

"And all those you'd really like to ask are already spoken for, so you ask me," replied Anna.

"No; see here, Anna, I like you, though you don't like me. I happen to believe you're not engaged yet, and I really would enjoy it if you'd come in on this with us. Daphne would too I feel sure."

Anna's better nature surged up in her as she gave Evelyn her hand. "I've been horrid," she said with her rare smile. "Forgive me; I will make one of your stunt party, and I do appreciate your asking me."

From that moment camp life had seemed to take on new significance for Anna. The stunt in which she participated with the other girls met with whole-hearted applause and had the effect of breaking the ice of Anna's natural reserve and convincing her that kindness on the part of others was sometimes genuine and was to be treasured rather than put proudly by as a piece of unwelcome patronage. Anna was obliged to admit to herself that after all it had been her own stubborn pride and shyness that had kept her from taking part in the fun of camp life. Best of all, the girls seemed to understand what had taken place in her heart; at any rate they were tactful and considerate now in helping her to forget the blunders of her first fortnight.

All that had made Anna wish heartily that she might in some way repay Evelyn for the much-needed lift. But how could she do it? Evelyn was so wholly in the current of camp life, so sought after and looked up to, that Anna could think of no way.

One morning just before the fire-building tests were to be held Evelyn caught up with Anna and slipped a tanned arm through hers. "What's your hurry, Nan? Anyone would think you were just dying to show the world

—and Mr. Hervey—all you know about making fires in the open."

Anna smiled. "No, you know better than anyone what a wretched time I've had trying to get the trick of the thing; I must have burnt up a whole boxful of matches during practice period yesterday. But if I'm to fail today, and so have to stay home from the picnic, I want to know it as soon as possible."

"Want to be out of your agony, eh?" replied Evelyn easily. "Well, you won't fail, Anna. Why, you can't! Aren't you going to paddle bow for me the first lap going over? You know there's to be honorable mention for the first boatful to come alongside the old landing a quarter of a mile down the lake."

"A race? I didn't know that. How exciting! Now I certainly mustn't flunk."

"I should say not! Just think of having to stay behind with Mr. Hervey and build your fire all over again while the rest of us paddle off for a whole wonderful day."

As the two girls came up to the group of candidates for the fire-building test Mr. Hervey, the instructor in woodcraft, also arrived. He was rather a stern-looking little man, and those of the "old girls" who were familiar with his methods had let it be known that when he gave a test it was a test! At the same time they said he was fair.

"You may have as much time as you need," he said crisply, "to build your fire and to cook bacon and boil water, but you may use only three matches on it. If, when you have used three matches, your fire fails to catch and burn, you will return here this afternoon after mess and try again. Remember your yesterday's instructions. There is plenty of dry wood somewhere about. I will stand ready to advise if you get into difficulties. Miss West, will you give out these matches and supervise this part of the class? The rest of you please walk down the shore a little with me."

Anna and Evelyn found themselves in the contingent led off by Mr. Hervey. Evelyn made a little face. "Good Heavens! How he takes the crimp out of you," she whispered.

The girls, having received each her dole of three matches, scattered to gather wood and kindling. Anna made for a ridge that the sun had partly dried after the rain of the preceding night and found that the surface layer was warm and dry. In a few moments she had gathered a substantial pile and heaped it on a sunny part of the shore. Evelyn was at work on her own pile to the right, and beyond her all along the shore were the active, khaki-clad figures of the other girls, some of whom were already bringing the big wood from the ridge.

"Where did you get that scrumptious big wood from?" called Evelyn as Anna dumped beside her kindling a load of carefully selected wood.

"Just up there," replied Anna eagerly.

She would have liked to offer to help Evelyn, who had been carrying on such a lively conversation with Jessie Sloane that her pile had made little progress, but the rules of the test forbade any girl to help another.

Evelyn started up the incline, but paused for some further chatter with Jessie. Anna saw Mr. Hervey slowly approaching, taking time as he came to give a word to each girl that he passed. Some had already lighted their fires, and here and there fine blue smoke was curling into the sunny air.

"Do hurry, Evelyn," called Anna. "If you let it go too long, everyone else will have finished—and you know the picnic crowd starts at eleven sharp."

"Right-o," came the cheery response, and Evelyn made for the wood.

Anna stooped over her work. She had banked the kindling well in the path of the easy breeze and built her "cob house"—the square formation of stout sticks supporting those which the kindling would ignite—sturdily round it, so that the first puff of air should carry the flame through to the heart of the little structure. She had also driven her forked green stick into the ground and had the straight one ready to place in its crotch, from which to swing the pot of water; and her frying pan with its two slices of bacon was at hand on a flat stone. Her careful work was amply rewarded when she struck her first match and touched it to the kindling.

Meanwhile Evelyn had returned with her load of large wood—too quickly, thought Anna apprehensively, to have made wise choice. Whistling while she stacked it over her kindling, Evelyn sang out to Anna:

"Now hold your breath!" and Anna to strike her first match.

After a second the flame went out. "Alack, I am undone!" cried Evelyn, smiting her forehead in tragedian style.

Jessie Sloane began to laugh, but Anna cried out: "O Evelyn, do be serious! I'm sure that big log must be damp. Do dig up some dry stuff instead."

But Evelyn had already struck another match, which sputtered out the way of its fellow, and now with an impatient little exclamation she stooped for her third and final try. That too failed, but the precarious state of her sizzling slivers of bacon prevented Anna from saying anything.

Jessie Sloane had turned her attention to her cooking, and along the shore the girls were giving all their attention to their work. Mr. Hervey too was engrossed in watching Effie Stickles's last match struggle to feeble flame several yards away.

Satisfied that her bacon was cooking well, Anna now turned to console with Evelyn, but her sympathy seemed to freeze on her lips. Evelyn was stooping, for the fourth time over her pile of firewood. For a second she rearranged it, adding more dry stuff; then she struck a fourth match and set it to the pile. As Anna turned quickly away she heard Evelyn exclaim:

"There, at last I've got the wretched thing to burn!"

Anna said nothing, but in a confusion of dismay and astonishment busied herself with her own fire. A moment later Mr. Hervey came up, approved the work of both girls and told them that as soon as they had cleaned up their things they would be free to join the picnickers, who were already beginning to load into the canoes at the dock.

"Isn't it just great to leave that all finished and behind?" cried Evelyn as, with their pans cleaned and stacked and their fires scattered, the two friends made their way down to the dock.

Anna felt unable to answer, for her thoughts were a painful swirl in which chagrin, anger, grief and disappointment spun round and round. Evelyn of all girls a cheat, a care-free cheat!

Fortunately Jessie, running up from behind to join them, made a reply to Evelyn's remark unnecessary. As the three hurried along they occasionally passed a pair of girls who had failed in the test and later were to try again. To all of them Evelyn tossed a gay word or a smile. When the three came to the dock the last few canoes were being loaded. Evelyn and Anna were detailed to a gay scarlet craft.



A little paddling brought them alongside the twins' craft

"Just think, Nanny, this boat is the best bet on the water here," Evelyn murmured as she slid easily into her place at stern and laid the paddle across the gunwales. "I've paddled her often and often. Oh, I know we can win!"

"Hope so," replied Anna mechanically. In her mind she was groping for some way out of the intolerable position—chatting with Evelyn as if everything were right between them and acting as if the friend still represented honorable, fair and square dealing.

There was some delay while Miss West ran up to the camp house for the whistle that should start the regatta. Struck by Evelyn's sudden silence, Anna turned and looked at her. Evelyn was sitting listlessly, apparently in deep thought; then she sighed, moved one hand across her face and straightened up to reply gayly to shouts from her friends on the dock, who were calling out to her that she was sure to win. A minute later the whistle shrilled, and the race was on.

From the first Anna and Evelyn had only two serious competitors in the contest. Mollie Meyrick, the crack camp paddler, was steering one canoe, but she was hampered by her partner, a younger, inexperienced girl. The other boat that would bear watching was paddled by Rid and Red, twins who had before now bagged several first places in water events at Goodwill. In the sudden spurt of the start Anna was shaken out of her sorrowful thoughts, and mechanically she bent to the stroke with all the skill and energy that she could muster. A little paddling brought them alongside the twins' craft, and a stiff three or four minutes took them beyond, to the echoing applause of those on the dock behind them.

"Easy now," directed Evelyn coolly; "don't use up all your strength, Nan."

Anna was clear-headed again. "Evelyn has cheated," she was thinking, "and I am helping her. What can I do?" Then in a flash she realized that here at hand in curious guise was that longed-for opportunity to be of real use to Evelyn.

"Now let her go!" came Evelyn's excited whisper.

Still with her mind confused Anna swung to the quickened stroke. The canoe shot forward; already she was nosing in well alongside Mollie's craft. Anna saw that at the hard speed they were making a few moments more would take them round the point and out of sight of the dock. She put her full strength into the next few strokes, and neck to neck the two craft swung round the turning. The dock was hidden from sight, and Mollie and her partner were putting every ounce of energy into their stroke.

The vanguard of the other canoes had not yet come up. For the moment the field was

clear, and in that moment Anna jerked her paddle out of the water and laid it crosswise on the gunwales.

"What on earth is the matter?" came Evelyn's distressed voice. "Are you faint, Anna?"

"Evelyn," replied Anna steadily, "I happened to see how you got your fire started. That means that neither you nor I has any right to compete in this race, and that you have no business going to the picnic this afternoon. Shall we put back?"

Already Mollie's craft was several lengths ahead. Evelyn tried desperately for a few seconds to maintain the speed of their canoe; then she gave it up with a little cry of exasperation.

"Put back now when with a little more work we could still beat them!" she cried. "Are you crazy, Anna? I can take care of my affairs without help from anyone, thanks. Take up your paddle and use it if ever you want to be friends with me again."

"Evelyn, that was cheating about the match."

"It wasn't—at least it wasn't premeditated. Do you think I deliberately filled my pockets with extra matches? I simply happened on that one."

Anna sat still.

"Do you mean to act sensibly?" Evelyn's voice carried a sort of cold, suppressed fury that frightened Anna, but she replied:

"I can't go on, Ev, for I think too much of you to see you do a thing like this."

There was a moment of silence. From round the curve came the sound of voices and the splash of paddles.

"Then take up your paddle and help to get us home," said Evelyn in a voice that trembled with irritation and chagrin. "And please do me the kindness to have nothing more to do with me while we remain at camp," she added.

The paddle back was short and miserable. By common consent the girls steered into midstream to escape as many questions as possible from those in the on-coming canoes. Most of the girls, however, inferred from their turning round that Evelyn and Anna were simply taking an extra paddle, since Mollie was too far in advance to be caught, and so they came peacefully enough up to the dock. Mr. Hervey was there bailing out one of the rowboats. He looked up and waved his hand as their canoe glided in. Evelyn took one quick glance round, saw the camp door opening to let another stream of girls down to the dock and, drawing a deep breath waited till they should arrive.

"Why, hello, Ev," called one girl, "we thought you were over at Perch Row by now."

"I should have been," replied Evelyn "but Anna here asked me to turn back." She spoke with much of her usual gayety, but

Anna thought the words carried a quavering note of apprehension.

"She asked me to turn back," Evelyn continued; and now her voice was quite steady, "because she saw me light my fire with a fourth match instead of one of the three that were given me—and in that way really put myself out of the race and the picnic."

There was an instant's silence; then the girls began to laugh. Evelyn's face twitched, and she held up her hand. "Please be quiet, girls, for I want everyone, and Mr. Hervey in particular, to get this. I cheated about my fire—do you hear this, Mr. Hervey?—and that's why we put back."

The group on the dock stared while Anna gripped both hands together and looked timidly at her companion. Evelyn was sitting upright, with her chin tilted a little higher than usual and her clear glance passing from face to face.

It was Mr. Hervey that broke the awkward silence. "I am delighted that you returned so promptly to right the wrong, Miss Stoddard," he said gravely. "The afternoon tests are about to begin, and you should have ample time to qualify with the others who are staying. Will you come down to the shore at once?"

Evelyn stepped out of the canoe and walked off by the instructor's side.

Anna stayed only long enough to make the canoe fast and to put up the paddles before hurrying away to her tent. The buzz of amazed comment that had risen as Evelyn and Mr. Hervey turned away made her feel sick and faint. The realization that it was she that had heaped this public disgrace on her friend clutched at her heart. For a long time she was too faint and dizzy to do more than sit on the edge of her bunk and try to get control of her feelings. It seemed to her that she could not well be more miserable, for she had brought unhappiness to Evelyn and deprived herself of her first real friend.

The light outside showed that noon had ripened into late afternoon before there came to her another realization—the realization that, no matter what the consequences might be, she had surely acted for the best. She had helped to keep Evelyn from doing a mean and dishonorable thing.

The flap of the tent parted, and Evelyn herself stood before her. "May I come in?"

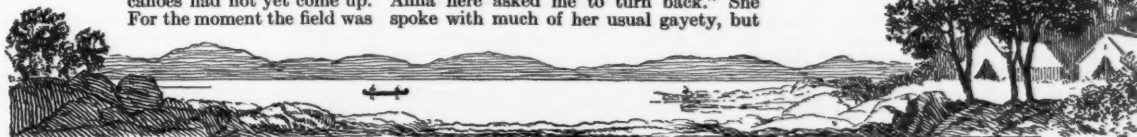
"Oh, Ev, of course," Anna jumped up and came forward, but with a smile Evelyn motioned her back. It was evident that she had been weeping, but she seemed to have herself well in hand now, and when she spoke, standing straight and slim against the khaki background of the tent, it was with a firm, clear voice.

"Anna," she said, "before you take my hand I want to tell you that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for making me come back here today. It was perfectly true, what I said about not intending to cheat; it did happen, just as I told you, on the spur of the moment. But that didn't make it honest."

Anna started to speak, but the other girl went on quickly:

"I think that I have been in serious danger of slacking up about fine points like that, Nan, for some time now. I don't know when it began exactly, but it just seems so easy for me to get by without much work, and people seem to let me down easy and make things smooth for me."

"You shan't go on doing so, Ev, for I mean to help you, if you'll let me," said Anna. "I



shan't ever forget the boost that you gave me, you know—and now this looks as if we might work it out fifty-fifty."

"It won't be easy at first, I suppose," re-

marked Evelyn in a matter-of-fact way, "and I guess you'll find that I've lost a number of friends."

As she finished speaking her eyes fell.

"No one worth losing," retorted Anna. "And fifty-fifty it is, you know!"

At that moment the clear notes of the bugle calling the girls of the camp to

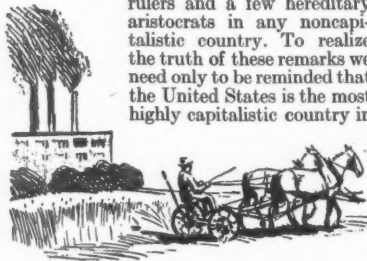
assembly floated to them on the cool air.

The two girls looked at each other, and there was the same thought in the mind of each: fifty-fifty.

WHAT IS CAPITALISM? By Prof. T. N. Carver

WHATEVER may be said against capitalism, it has at least abolished famine in every country where it has been permitted to flourish freely. That is more than can be said of any noncapitalistic system that ever existed. The worst that can be said against the capitalistic system is that it has not yet abolished inequality of wealth. The inequalities that still persist, however, are not essential to the capitalistic system. In fact, where capitalism is given a chance to work freely, unhampered by social and political obstacles, it tends to eliminate its own inequalities and to assure not only great abundance for everyone, but to distribute the best things of life more evenly than any other system has ever succeeded in distributing them.

In spite of all the inequalities that persist under capitalism the masses of the people are better off under it than they have ever been under any other system. In fact, they are better fed, better clothed, better housed and better supplied with the adornments and embellishments of life than any except the rulers and a few hereditary aristocrats in any noncapitalistic country. To realize the truth of these remarks we need only to be reminded that the United States is the most highly capitalistic country in



the world. Next comes England, then France, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and so forth.

It is an observed fact that laborers seldom migrate from a capitalistic to a noncapitalistic country except when lured by free land or by undeveloped mines, forests or other natural resources. When those natural resources are once taken up migration turns toward the places where capital has accumulated in largest quantities. That is where the emigrants find the best jobs, the highest wages and the best living conditions. Except when lured by free natural resources, laborers emigrate from the noncapitalistic countries.

Are the laborers unwise in acting as they do, or are they prompted by sound reasons? The reasons are sound and are perfectly clear to anyone who understands what capitalism really is. The trouble is that the word "capitalism" has been pronounced with a wry face by so many persons. This has caused many of us to feel that it is necessarily bad. Those who feel that way about it have never really tried to understand it, but have tried rather to find new epithets to apply to it.

One difficulty in the way of a proper understanding of capitalism is the tendency to judge it by its superficial or temporary aspects rather than by its fundamental and permanent aspects. Strictly speaking, capitalism is not a system at all. It is merely a fact that grows out of the suppression of violence. Wherever violence is repressed capitalism comes automatically into existence. Where violence is repressed the man who has made a thing or found it before anyone else has gained possession of it cannot be dispossessed of it without his own consent. The repression of violence protects every one in his possessions. That protection transforms possession into property. Where violence is not repressed anyone's possession of a thing is defended only by his own power. That is not property. Where violence is repressed the possessor of a thing does not have to defend it himself. The government that represses violence protects it for him. The very act of repressing violence constitutes that protection. The so-called system of private property, therefore, is not a system in itself; it is a natural and unavoidable result of the repression of violence.

When the possessor of a thing cannot be dispossessed without his consent any other person who wants it must contrive to get it,

if he gets it at all, with the possessor's consent. Unless he can obtain it as a gift he must offer something in exchange for it. There is no other way open to him. Exchange therefore grows up automatically and unavoidably along with property whenever and wherever violence is repressed.

When a man has come into the possession of a thing either as a gift or through peaceful and voluntary exchange he in turn is protected in his possession of it by the same rule against violence that protected the original possessor. He in turn cannot be dispossessed of it without his own consent. Any third person who wants it must get it from him, if he gets it at all, as the present possessor got it from its original possessor, either as a gift or in exchange for something. So it goes on. The repression of violence continues to protect every possessor who has himself come into the possession of property without fraud or violence. This is the fundamental fact about property of any kind. It comes into existence as a necessary result of the repression of violence, and the revival of violence is the only thing that can possibly destroy it.

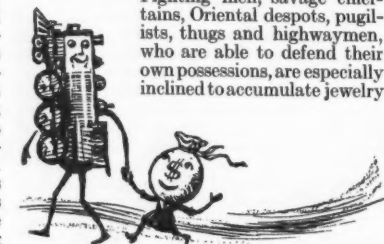
The possessions that become property as soon as the possessor is protected through the repression of violence are of two kinds. They are, first, objects of direct use and, second, objects of indirect use. Objects of direct use are sometimes called consumers' goods, and objects of indirect use, producers' goods. Those of the first class are themselves used directly for the satisfaction of wants; those of the second class are used as a means of getting other things that will satisfy wants. Food, clothing, household furniture, pleasure vehicles—everything in fact that gives us direct satisfaction belongs in the first class. Farms, tools, machines, shops, factories, railways—everything in fact that is used for the purpose of producing an income belongs in the second class.

Capital is the general name applied to all possessions of the second class. Wherever violence is repressed men are protected in the possession of goods of this class as well as in the possession of goods of the first class. Fundamentally and in the strictest possible sense that is all there is to the so-called capitalistic system.

There are, however, several secondary features of the system, and they are the features that are more likely to attract the attention of the superficial student. When violence is effectively repressed and every individual is as a result effectively protected in his possessions the largest possible number of men have the largest possible encouragement to the accumulation of desirable possessions. Where violence is not repressed and no individual feels safe in his possessions there is the smallest possible inducement to such accumulation. That is why it happens that desirable possessions accumulate most rapidly in those countries where violence is most effectively repressed.

That is especially true of the second class of possessions called capital as described above. Food, clothing and articles of personal adornment satisfy immediate desires and will be accumulated, at least in small quantities, where possessions are unsafe.

Fighting men, savage chieftains, Oriental despots, pugilists, thugs and highwaymen, who are able to defend their own possessions, are especially inclined to accumulate jewelry



and other articles of personal adornment. Possessions of the second class, which are included under the name of capital, are of little or no immediate use. It takes time to get any advantage from owning them. They have never been known to accumulate in a time or in a place where violence was not repressed. Men will not take the trouble to accumulate such things unless

they are reasonably certain that they will not be robbed or dispossessed of them without their own consent. Give the far-sighted ones safe conditions, however, and they will begin to accumulate them. A country that provides security for a long time will in the end always be notable for large accumulations of producers' goods. Such large accumulations are likely to attract attention, and certain superficial students will not look beyond them. Not understanding the underlying conditions that made those large accumulations possible, they fix their attention solely on the size of the accumulations and call them the capitalistic system.

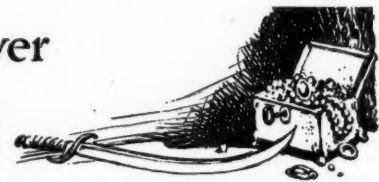
The safety that comes from the repression of violence encourages not only accumulation but also invention. In fact mechanical inventions and accumulations of capital go together like the two blades of a pair of scissors. Neither is of much use without the other. Where there are no mechanical inventions, no matter how many savers or accumulators there are, such accumulations of wealth as are possible must be largely in the form of hoards of money, jewels and other consumers' goods rather than of producers' goods. Where there are no savers and accumulators there is no one who is willing to invest labor or money in expensive machines. No matter how many inventive geniuses there may be, productive inventions will not be used. If conditions are so unsafe as to discourage savings and accumulations, goods, the uses of which extend over the distant future, are not likely to be accumulated at all, because everyone is uncertain whether he will get the use of them or not. Mechanical inventions, especially of the larger and more productive sort, can seldom yield an immediate product sufficient to pay the cost. They must be kept for a long time before they will pay for themselves. In short they are among the forms of accumulation that depend most exclusively on safe conditions. No one will invest money or labor in such things unless he is confident that they will not be taken away from him without his consent.

When conditions are safe and remain so for a long time, accumulations are not only encouraged but tend to take on those forms which require a long time for their full utilization. The larger and more expensive instruments of production are of that kind. They have never accumulated where violence and uncertainty prevailed; they have, at least in recent times, accumulated wherever violence is suppressed and possession is not uncertain but sure.

The vast accumulation of machines and of other expensive forms of capital that results from the permanent suppression of violence is impressive. It seems to be one of the outstanding characteristics of the present economic situation. It is not astonishing, therefore, that a great deal of attention should be concentrated on it or that they who concentrate their attention on it should sometimes fail to see the underlying fact that produced it. The great tree is more impressive to the casual passer-by than the conditions that permitted it to grow.

Accumulations of powerful mechanisms, however, do not constitute the real capitalistic system. They are merely the visible manifestations of it. The real system was created when possession was protected by the suppression of violence. Wherever that fact exists the outward and visible manifestations of it such as the accumulation of wealth in durable forms and in the invention of powerful engines of production will come into existence. Those manifestations will not go out of existence until possession is no longer protected.

Under the system that protects the possessor against violent dispossession it may happen and frequently does happen that some persons will accumulate more rapidly than others. In fact some may accumulate rapidly, and others not at all. Where violence prevails and no one is protected in his possession the man who possesses foresight and the man who lacks it will fare equally well or badly. Not foresight, but the ability of a man to defend



himself against violence, is in such circumstances the chief means to prosperity. Then men will differ in prosperity in proportion to their fighting power or their power to defend their own possessions. When men no longer need to defend themselves the power of self-defense does not greatly influence their prosperity. Then foresight becomes a means to prosperity, and foresight has its opportunity. Thenceforth differences in prosperity are, at least in part, owing to differences in foresight. Fraud or deception will still influence the result unless the same power that defends the possessor against violence also defends him against fraud. When both fraud and violence are effectively repressed industry and foresight, or general productive power, become the chief means for bringing prosperity. Differences in prosperity are based largely on differences in the power to produce and in the foresight that leads to accumulation.

Even that situation is not free from danger. The men who for any reason have failed to accumulate may envy those who have succeeded. Others may sympathize with the envious ones and invent apologies and excuses for them. If that envy grows strong enough, it is likely to lead to acts of violence either by individuals or by classes. Class war is especially dangerous, for it destroys civilization. So long as the government succeeds in repressing violence possessors remain safe in their possession. When for any reason the government fails to repress violence possession ceases to be property. Possessions must then be defended by the prowess of their possessors, or else the possessors will lose their possessions to those who have the power to take by force what they want.

Sometimes government itself, which is formed for repressing violence, becomes itself the engine of violence; instead of defending the possessors it uses its superior power to dispossess them. There is always danger that that will happen if those who have not accumulated anything grow envious enough and numerous enough to gain control of the government. They may then use it as a means of taking accumulations away from those who accumulated them. The wealth thus taken from its accumulators may then be disposed of in two ways. One way is to give it to the nonaccumulators; the other is for the



government to hold it and give the income derived from it to all without regard to the degree of foresight exercised by different individuals. Then the foreseeing and the thoughtless fare alike. Foresight would not be rewarded at all because the individual would be given no opportunity to exercise it or to accumulate the results of his foresight. If he tried to exercise it, he would be dispossessed of his accumulations by the government. The very power that we now trust to protect us against being dispossessed without our consent would then be perverted and made to accomplish that which it was designed to repress.

It was pointed out earlier in this article that a highly capitalistic country—that is, a country where violence has been effectively repressed for a long time and where accumulations have therefore been encouraged—always attracts laborers from noncapitalistic countries. They come because wages and other conditions in the new country are better than they were in their noncapitalistic homes. The good wages and the good living conditions that attract immigrants also encourage large families among thoughtless and thriftless people. There is, therefore,

a strong probability that a considerable propertyless class will arise. It may become so large as to be dangerous. If it should be able to outvote the class of savers and accumulators, it may gain control of the government and use it as an engine for the dispossession of those who have managed to accumulate. The safety of modern civilization requires that these nonaccumulating classes shall be kept few in number.

The full development of the so-called capitalistic system will not be reached until virtually everyone has become a capitalist; that is, an owner or a part owner of some of the instruments of production called capital. The suppression of violence took power out of the hands of those who were willing and

able to prosper by the use of violence. That enabled those who were too gentle or too weak physically to profit by violence to prosper by means of their industry and foresight. When everyone takes advantage of the opportunity the full benefits of the suppression of violence will be realized. All real progress in the past has aimed at that goal, and all real progress in the future must aim at it also. No forcible leveling of the industrious and the idle is progressive; it is retrogressive. Any forcible leveling of the thrifty and the thriftless, of the forethoughtful and the nonforethoughtful, is equally retrogressive.

The crisis of civilization is reached whenever civilized people face that question.

When the nonaccumulators refuse to respect the laws for the repression of violence and begin to take by violence what others have peacefully accumulated conditions are bad enough.

So far as they succeed in defying the efforts of the government to preserve law and order so far must civilization decline. Conditions are much worse, however, when instead of resisting the government the nonaccumulators become numerous enough to gain control of it and unscrupulous enough to use it as the means of violence; that is, as the agency for the forcible dispossession of the peaceful accumulators. That is vastly more destructive of civilization than merely resisting government.

into English blank verse. Herodotus, however, was his favorite classic, which probably accounts for the odd name that he had bestowed on the fine Morgan filly that he presented to his niece.

"I have named her Queen Tomyris after one of the greatest women of antiquity," he said, "the resolute queen of the Massagetae who defeated Cyrus the Great and delivered her country from the assaults of the all-conquering Persians."

"This mare will serve you faithfully for twenty years," he continued. "She is gentle and hasn't a single fault. In a light buggy sixty miles a day is mere play for her. She has all the grand endurance of the Morgan breed. You have no need ever to put a halter on her; wherever you are she will never leave you or run away. She has never been struck with a whip. When you want her to go you have only slightly to raise the reins; drop them when you want to stop. She has a mouth as sensitive as a child's, and but for form's sake I would never have put a bit in it. I could drive her just as well and better without it."

That and much more as to her feeding, shoeing and general care the old gentleman said to me fully as much as to his niece, for he had jumped to the conclusion that Catherine and I were a betrothed couple instead of being merely neighbors and old schoolmates. It seemed hardly worth while to disillusion him.

We were generously entertained there for three days. Uncle Chauncey Waddell was a handsome, scholarly old man, but evidently ill; in fact he lived less than two years afterwards. He was then living with his son, Chauncey, Jr., Catherine's cousin. They had a drove of eleven Morgan horses at their farm. The one presented to Catherine weighed about ten hundred, was of a rich, dark chestnut color and had the rounded body, the deep, full chest and most of the other fine characteristics that have led to this breed of horses' being selected for cavalry mounts.

After what Uncle Waddell had said about Queen Tomyris we were a little at a loss how best to take her on our long journey homeward, but at last we decided to drive her tandem in front of Norman. When we were finally hitched up ready for a start Uncle Chauncey, assisted by his son, came with difficulty into the yard for Tomyris to nose his cheek a moment in farewell. The mare's full dark eyes rested on him lovingly as if she too knew that it was a final good-by. We were all so much affected that scarcely a word was spoken as we drove away.

Used only to driving ordinary horses, I hardly dared trust myself to guide this delicately

WHEN WE BROUGHT HOME QUEEN TOMYRIS By C.A. Stephens

DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD SICHEL



It was my lot in life to remain at our Maine farm with the old squire and Grandmother Ruth for a number of years after my cousins Addison, Theodore, Ellen and Halstead had left it to go their various ways in the world. I have to admit that we were at times a little lonely there after all the joyous stir and bustle of those former years when there were so many of us at home and so much going on. I could see that the old folks often missed their more interesting grandchildren, for I of course was the lagard of the family, who lacked the purpose and ambition that actuated the others.

I remember that once when a letter came from Ellen, lately married and living in far-off Dakota, Grandmother Ruth dropped it in her lap, exclaiming, "Oh, why need they all have left us and gone so soon! Why couldn't they have stayed with us longer?" Tears were in her eyes.

The old squire was more philosophical. "It is the way of all life, Ruth," he said. "Nothing stands still. An irresistible power pushes us on through youth, middle life and old age—into an unknown future."

But dear grandmother never quite liked the sound of the old squire's philosophical reflections. "I hope, Joseph, you are living in such a way that you have full assurance where you are going in the future," she said reprovingly.

"Yes, yes, Ruth," the old gentleman replied and resumed his reading.

It was on one of those pensive evenings when only the three of us were in the sitting room that our neighbor Catherine Edwards came hastening in on an errand. "Can I arrange with you to have your hired man do our farm chores for a few days?" she said. "Mother has just received a letter from her brother, Uncle Chauncey Waddell, who lives near Middlebury, Vermont. He is in bad health and does not expect to live long. He writes that he wants very much to see mother again, and mother is very anxious to go."

"But, Cathy, is your mother really able to take so long a trip?" Grandmother Ruth asked at once, for Mrs. Edwards had been for several years so great a sufferer from arthritic rheumatism as hardly to be able to walk or even to rise from her chair without aid.

"I'm afraid it is too much for her to attempt," Catherine replied regretfully. "But she is firmly set upon going. She says she feels that she must see Uncle Chauncey once more in life. So we plan to drive slowly across country in my pony cart."

"But there is another thing that perplexes me a good deal, and I hardly see how I am going to manage it," Catherine continued.

"Uncle Chauncey, you know, has been a breeder of Morgan horses and writes that he wants to make me a present of a beautiful Morgan filly, one he has raised and trained

himself. He declares it is the handsomest, most intelligent creature that ever drew a buggy, and he wants me to have it. But how I am to drive Nep home with mother and lead that four-year-old filly bothers me a little. Still I guess I shall manage it somehow," she added, laughing. "So I have run over to see if I can arrange with you to look after our place while we are gone."

But the old squire looked grave. "Catherine, you ought not to undertake so long a journey with that pony and cart," he said. "It is two hundred and fifty miles or more. Your mother would suffer cruelly from such a journey."

"I know it. I tell her so," Catherine replied. "But mother seems determined to go, and I don't know what else to do. She says she could never go round through Massachusetts by railway. She dreads the steady jar of the steam cars."

"We must think this over, Catherine," was all the old squire said that evening.

Manifestly it was too long a trip for a pony with two persons. A stronger outfit was needed, and the conclusion we came to—after Catherine went home—was that it would be better to hitch up one of our own horses to a light double-seated wagon that we had and have me make the trip with them.

That was the expedient we adopted. Two days later we took out the rear seat of the wagon and substituted for it a large easy chair with arms and a high back and lashed it into place. On it the invalid might journey in comparative comfort. Then we hitched up Norman, a six-year-old Percheron gelding, to draw us.

That journey to Vermont is one of the most pleasant memories of those later years

of mine at the old farm. The time was the last week in August, a week of exceptionally fine weather. We drove rather slowly so as to avoid any hard jolting, and we stopped at times while Catherine got down to gather blackberries by the roadside, for blackberries were plentiful and delicious that season. The route we took was through the towns of Fryburg and Conway and so up to the Notch of the White Mountains of New Hampshire through Upper Bartlett, where we spent the first night out from home at a boarding house.

Thence next morning we toiled up the steep hills of the Notch road past the old Willey house where in 1826 occurred the great slide that overwhelmed the Willey family, past the Crawford House, the Fabyan House and the Twin Mountain House, where we saw Henry Ward Beecher sitting out on the veranda, reading a newspaper with a bottle of his hay-fever cure set in another chair hard by him; thence on to Bethlehem and down through Franconia past the Profile House and the Old Man of the Mountain, past the Flume, which

we stopped a few minutes to see, and finally just at sunset reached North Woodstock, where we put up for the night at another boarding house. Neither Catherine nor I had ever been that way before, and the grand scenery of the mountains made the day memorable to both of us.

Journeying on next day through hilly, wooded country where again there were many luscious blackberries, we crossed the Connecticut River at Piermont to Bradford, on the Vermont side, where we spent our third night from home. From there we drove on, passing the many snug little farms of Orange County with their maple sugar orchards, threading the valleys of the Green Hills and finally, but not till after the moon had risen, reaching the goal of our pilgrimage, the Waddell homestead in Middlebury. It had been a long hilly drive, yet our passenger had stood it well. In fact she arrived in remarkably high spirits, and the meeting between her and her brother was affectionate and joyful. The touching thing about it, however, was that they were both painfully crippled from the same cause, arthritic rheumatism.

Chauncey Waddell, like his sister, was hardly able to rise from his chair without help. However, he was an unusually interesting and cultivated man. Every room of the old mansion showed his taste, especially the library, which appeared to contain all the well-known classic works and many others rarely seen in American private collections. Catherine had already told me that her uncle had been wont to solace his enforced inactivity by studies of the Greek tragedies as well as the two great poems of Homer, one of which, the Odyssey, he had translated

A blinding sheet of rain and hail had burst over the clearing



trained filly and begged Catherine to take the reins on the plea that she had given closer heed than I to her Uncle Chauncey's instructions. I took the more prosaic task of driving Norman. So with much merriment at first we drove the tandem in company, each holding one pair of reins, somewhat to the amusement of the people we met on the road.

To have as great a variety of scenery as possible on our trip we returned home by way of Bread Loaf, Pomfret and Lebanon, N. H., and afterwards skirted the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee to Center Harbor. On the second night from Middlebury we had hoped to reach Conway, but soon after we had passed Mt. Chocorua that afternoon a black thunder shower, rising over the mountains, made us seek shelter. There were few farms in that region then, and we were passing through an extensive tract of pine forest; but presently we came in sight of a house and barn by the roadside, and, as the large door of the barn stood open, Catherine headed for it, and we drove in without ceremony, for a blinding sheet of rain and hail had burst over the clearing, and the crashes of the thunder were appalling.

We had seen no one and on observing the surroundings more closely came to the conclusion that the place was deserted. The barn was empty, and the front windows of the house, an old two-story structure, were broken, and tall weeds were growing before the front door, which stood ajar. At the far end of the house was a dense, thorny jungle of plum shrubbery completely filling what had once been a fenced garden.

We would have gone on as soon as the shower slackened, but before it ceased another shower with still heavier thunder rose over the mountains. The sky darkened so ominously again that we dared not stir forth; and the second shower raged so long and furiously that dusk fell before the down-pour had spent itself. Black clouds now filled the whole heavens, and other showers seemed imminent. Catherine and I would not have scrupled to go on, but for a person in Mrs. Edwards's condition to get wet is always dangerous. From Center Harbor Catherine had brought a basket of lunch, which we had not opened, and after some anxious consultation there in the gloom of the old barn we concluded that it would be better to pass the night there than look for a tavern or a boarding house ahead.

I went immediately to explore the old house. The door leading from the narrow hall into the room on the right was apparently locked. The door on the other side, however, was partly open and gave entrance to a good-sized room with a fireplace. After some search I found dry fuel and kindled a fire. Then Catherine and I assisted her mother to descend from the wagon and reach the house. We brought in the seat cushions and the light robes from the wagon along with Tomyris's new blanket; and while Catherine was caring for her mother and laying out what eatables there were I looked after the horses, fed them from the oats that we had brought from home and in order that the Morgan filly need not have to wear a halter, rigged up three fence rails at the open barn door, for the door itself was off its hinges. Despite Uncle Waddell's assurance I was a little afraid that she might feel homesick in the night and return to Vermont.

Afterwards we had our little supper before the fireplace—quite cosily too—and some time later arranged a makeshift couch there. The room was dry and warm. Catherine thought that she and her mother might at least catch a nap; and after gathering more fuel for them I went to the barn to keep an eye to our team, for we had heard Tomyris neigh as if she were not quite content in that bare old structure.

It was still raining a little and was very dark. Not a soul had passed along the highway since we had come there; in fact it was almost the loneliest place imaginable, so lonesome indeed that in order not to be wholly in darkness I lighted the lantern that we had in the box under the wagon seat and set it beneath the wagon. Later I ensconced myself in the invalid's soft chair in the wagon and presently fell asleep.

Something soft touching my cheek roused me. It was Tomyris's nose; she was standing by the wagon wheel. But when I put out my hand to pat her she walked to the rails at the door and looked forth. The sky had now largely cleared, and the moon was shining in a thin mist. The mare appeared to be looking at something, but immediately she came back and nosed my cheek again, as if she wanted me to see it. I got down and went to the door. Some one or something looking

white and ghostly in the obscurity was coming round the thicket of plum trees at the far end of the house. First it came out in sight as if about to approach the barn; then it flitted back behind the thicket, but soon reappeared in the road farther off and went away.

It is easy enough to laugh at ghosts by daylight, but not quite so easy by night in a deserted place like that. I wondered whether Catherine had seen the thing. I stole to the house door and spoke. Catherine answered at once.

"Seen anything of a ghost?" I asked. "Yes," she said composedly. "It has been walking the yard for some time. I think it inhabits this house, for I thought I heard some one moving about upstairs. Mother's asleep," she added. "I haven't waked her."

"What would you say we ought to do?" I asked.

"Maybe we ought to apologize for intruding if it comes back," Catherine replied. "We might wait and see."

I went in, and we stood and watched beside one of the broken windows. Out at the barn we could see Tomyris looking forth over the rails in the doorway. Bats were circling about noiselessly in the gloom. Not far off in the woods an owl was hooting softly. After a while we sat down before the fireplace and made shift to rekindle a tiny blaze among the dying embers. We were very quiet; the invalid mother was still sleeping soundly.

Half an hour or more passed when, hearing Tomyris whinny softly, we stepped to the window again. The white figure had re-

turned and was moving across the yard toward the barn, but it stopped suddenly and approached the house as if to peer in. Ghostly indeed it looked, but it seemed to have a bulky package under one arm.

"It is a woman, I think," Catherine whispered. "But let's know."

Thereupon we rushed out and, making a dash, laid hold of the silent form. The arm I grasped was veritable flesh and bone, though mostly bone. There was a brief struggle, but we held fast, and then a strange, high-pitched voice cried, "Who be ye? Who be ye?"

"We are travelers who took shelter here from the storm," Catherine replied. "Now who are you?"

Apparently the woman did not hear. "Who be ye? Who be ye?" she cried over and over in the same strange, monotonous tones.

"She must be deaf," Catherine whispered, and with that we let go our grip on her arms.

She backed away from us and ran to the far end of the house, where she immediately disappeared in the plum thicket. A few moments later we heard a door shut on that side and sounds as of a person ascending stairs.

"Well, so much for our ghost!" exclaimed Catherine and picked up the bundle the woman had dropped. It contained two loaves of bread, a small package of coffee and another of sugar; but why the deaf woman should have been abroad at that time of night to get groceries was rather mysterious.

It seemed best, however, not to seek further information from her, and shortly

after daybreak we journeyed on. The nearest house to the scene of our nocturnal adventure was a mile or more along the road. There we had breakfast and on relating our experience were told by the hospitable farmer's wife that the place where we had spent the night was owned by an elderly spinster named Mary Ann Coombs, who lived there quite alone. Besides being almost wholly deaf, she suffered—so our informant told us—from "sun headaches," which recurred by day as soon as the sun was well up in the sky and continued until toward evening. She had therefore acquired the habit of sleeping by day in a dark room upstairs and going abroad by night.

We reached Conway by nine o'clock that morning and were at home with our tandem shortly after sunset.

As to the subsequent career of Queen Tomyris, there is less to relate than I could wish either in the way of remarkable journeys or feats of intelligence. The fact is that Catherine had no real use for so fine a horse, though she kept her as long as her Uncle Chauncey lived. In consequence the handsome Morgan filly led too inactive a life and took on too much flesh. By advice of the old squire—after Chauncey Waddell's death—Catherine sold her to a wealthy man of our home county who had long been looking for a "perfect horse." Tomyris satisfied his ideal so fully that he paid the then extraordinary price of four hundred dollars for her. We saw her only occasionally after that; but she had a good home in a fine stable and lived to the great age—for a horse—of thirty-four years.

PIETRO'S STUNT *By Irving Palmer Rodgers*

BALANCING precariously on the gallery railing one hundred and fifty feet above the State House grounds, Galloway laughed at the look of apprehension on his helper's face. He had been replacing burnt-out light bulbs in the ornamental lighting system outside the dome of the State House and had added a few acrobatic tricks to the already sufficiently dangerous task of climbing over the dome and the cupola that surmounted it. There were always people passing through the grounds far below, and, though it was a cold winter day, they were ready enough to watch the antics of the daring fellow hanging between them and the sky. Their interest delighted Galloway, and off and on during the day he had stopped work to perform for them. Just now he had been balancing on the railing that encircled the cupola at the top of the dome, and Pietro had begged him to stop taking such risks.

"What's the matter, Hunky?" Galloway demanded good-naturedly, sliding easily to a seat on the railing and leaning as far back as he dared.

Pietro shivered. "You make me feel seck like I take da beeg fall myself," he said. "I don't like you to be so—so brave."

Galloway grinned a bit sheepishly. "You got the wrong word, Pietro," he said. "It isn't bravery; it's nothing but nerve. All right; we'll cut out the foolishness and finish up the job. Come on and help me get this rigging inside, and we'll hunt a warmer place. I'm about frozen. The old mercury is going to take some fall tonight or I miss my guess."

Pietro obediently crawled through the narrow window. The cupola had six windows, each about six feet high and flush with the gallery floor, and all of them were protected by steel shutters that latched on the inside. One window had been raised and the shutter thrown back to let the workmen out on the gallery.

As Pietro helped Galloway with the ropes and blocks he studiously refrained from looking over the railing; and Galloway, noticing his timidity, laughed. "Guess there's no danger of your ever breaking your neck trying stunts," he remarked.

The Italian lad shook his head and showed his fine white teeth in a quick smile. "I not be up here at all, only da boss he say so," he replied candidly.

"I'll bet on that," observed the electrician, pulling the blocks together in a heap and thrusting them through the window.

He had finally succeeded in getting

his ladder inside too when Pietro halted him with an exclamation and a pointing finger. "You miss one light, Gal'way," he said. "See, da one right over da winda."

Galloway looked, frowned and then nodded, much annoyed. He gave the ladder an impatient shove. "I can get that fellow without the ladder," he declared. "It's too much of a job getting it in and out. Hand me a lamp."

Pietro took a bulb from a package and handed it to him. The electrician shook the steel shutter tentatively and then pulled himself up on it until he could reach the light socket. He had to let go the shutter with one hand to replace the burnt-out bulb, and as he did so his weight swung the shutter toward the cupola.

Galloway cried out in alarm to Pietro to stop it. But Pietro was not quick enough, and to save his fingers from being pinched the electrician tried to shift his grip from the top of the shutter to one of the steel slats. But he missed his grip, clutched wildly at the shutter and then fell, and his head struck the gallery railing. He moaned once and then lay still.

Pietro sprang to Galloway's side and examined the limp figure. Finding that the electrician's heart was beating, he got quickly to his feet and stood for a moment,

trying to think what he should do. He must find a doctor for one thing, but first he must get the injured man inside the State House out of the bitter cold.

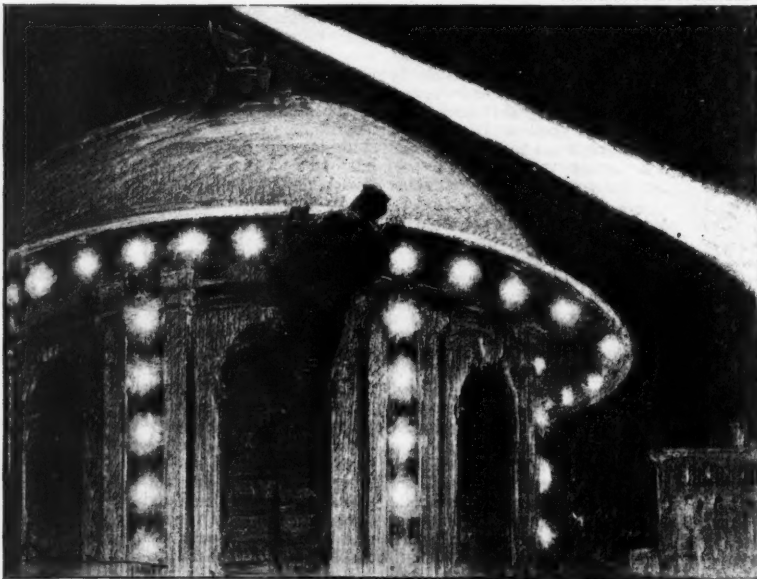
He turned to the shutter. Dismay seized him when he saw that it had swung into place and was latched on the inside. He tried to shake it free, tried to tear it off its hinges, tried to kick the steel slats out. But the shutter, which had been put there to withstand the elements in their stormiest moods, was too strong for him. He could not get inside the State House; he must try to attract the attention of some one in the grounds far below.

There were plenty of people in sight. It was late afternoon, and the State House employees were going home. He stepped to the railing and looked over. The height made him sick and dizzy for a moment, but he set his teeth and waved his hand frantically. Then he took off his cap and waved that. No one seemed to see him for a while, but presently several persons waved as they passed along.

Pietro realized at last that it would be difficult to make people understand that anything was wrong. They had undoubtedly seen Galloway several times that day doing some of his reckless feats, and the mere sight of a workman waving his cap, however

With a great effort he pulled himself upward

DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER



frantically, would hardly excite them. It was getting dusk now too, and people were unable to see him.

Pietro sank back against the cupola. It was a frightful situation. Galloway would surely freeze to death if he had to stay long up there in that biting cold. He himself could perhaps make shift to survive by running round and round the cupola and exercising violently, but Galloway, lying there so still, would have no chance at all. He might not recover his senses for hours. An icy wind had sprung up from the northwest, and it was fearfully cold. Warmly clad as Pietro was, the frigid blast seemed to penetrate to his very bones. No, if he would save Galloway's life he must get him off the gallery.

He walked round and round the gallery, trying to see some way of escape. Lights were flashing up all over the city now; presently the dome became brighter. The dazzling chains of lights, now complete with the bulbs that he and Galloway had put in, made the dome and the cupola stand out in lines of fire. A moment later a broad shaft of white light shot eastward from above him, and he knew that it came from the big searchlight on the roof of the cupola—a powerful searchlight that made everything in its path almost as bright as day.

The lights scarcely interested Pietro at first. They could not help him, and they could not make him or his companion any more noticeable to the people below. The glare blinded him, and, looking upward, he wondered how it would seem to face the beam from the searchlight. Where did the beam go anyhow? He looked across the city. Oh, yes, he remembered now. It was trained on the small lake in Douglas Park, where a winter carnival was being held in connection with the week of festivities that commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city. The work that he and Galloway had been doing was part of the city's preparation for the week of gayety. The town was brilliantly lighted everywhere, and at seven o'clock under the white rays from the searchlight the carnival on the lake would begin. An ice palace had been built there, and there was to be a play with the palace for a background. A moon had been needed to light the scene properly, but since the moon and the anniversary did not coincide, some one had suggested using the great searchlight on the State House dome. So the searchlight had been focused on the lake and was even now taking the part of moon, though the play would not begin for a couple of hours.

Pietro stared helplessly at the light for a while; then he gave a start and with a low exclamation stepped back. Hurrying to Galloway's side, he felt of the electrician's face and ears. He chafed them vigorously for some time and then tore off his overcoat and sweater. He wound the sweater about the injured man's head, leaving only a bit of space for breathing, and covered him with the heavy overcoat. Shivering, he jumped to his feet and flung his arms about until he had his blood circulating rapidly. Then he started running round the cupola, pounding his chest with his fists and stamping heavily at every step. And whenever he came round he glanced at the clock on the tower of the city hall down the street.

It seemed ages before the hands on the clock reached half past six, and another age before they reached seven. In spite of his violent exercise he was chilled through; moreover, he was tired with the continuous effort to keep from freezing. And it was so important that most of his strength should be at his command right now. It was time for him to try the one way of getting help for Galloway. He had planned just what to do as he circled the gallery, and now he stopped before the shutter that had so effectively kept him outside the cupola. He looked up. The roof of the cupola extended over and a little beyond the railing of the gallery. From the top of the railing to the eaves of the roof was about eight feet. By standing on the railing he should be unable to reach the roof, but by jumping upward and a little outward he could catch it. If he failed to grip the iron moulding at the edge of the roof when he jumped—well, he must not think of that. The same jump in circumstances where to fail would mean nothing would be easy. Only the fear of failure made it difficult. If he should lose his nerve at the

moment of jumping he would certainly fall short of his mark. He must imagine that there was nothing dangerous before him; he might, for example, pretend that the railing of the gallery was the edge of the manger in his father's barn, that the edge of the cupola roof was the edge of his father's haymow, and that if he missed it he should only tumble back upon a pile of yielding hay. He would think of something like that.

Dancing about and beating his fists together until his fingers tingled, he climbed upon the railing and straightened gingerly. He dared not look down; it was easier to look up into the sky. The segment of roof that he was to grasp was sharply outlined against the shaft of brightness from the searchlight. Taking a deep breath he crouched and, trying to forget where he was, riveted his gaze on the section of curved iron and jumped.

He caught the moulding fairly with both hands. For a moment he hung suspended seventy feet above the roof of the State House; then with a great effort he pulled himself upward over the moulding and rolled over on the roof of the cupola. He lay there a little while, gasping for breath and weak with the reaction from the dread of falling, then he wormed his way to the searchlight. The big drum was hot from the sizzling carbons inside, but he did not wait to warm his fingers. Feeling round the back of the drum

for the control switch, he snapped it open. The shaft of white light suddenly disappeared. Pietro flattened himself on the copper roof and waited.

A few minutes before Pietro reached the searchlight Douglas Park was full of people. The innumerable lights that would later make the lake a fairyland of color were turned off, and only the white rays from the searchlight fell upon the castle and the stage, giving them an impressive atmosphere of fantasy. There were low murmurs of admiration as the play began and then abruptly there came a concerted cry of impatience and disgust; the light from the distant State House had gone out. The committee in charge of the lighting waited some minutes for the beam to reappear; then as it failed to do so they called up the superintendent of the light company. Two men were soon on their way to the State House to repair the searchlight.

So it was that half an hour after Pietro had snapped off the light two men entered the cupola, raised the trap-door in the roof and poked their heads out to meet the eager gaze of a half-frozen Italian lad. Pietro greeted them joyously, though his teeth were chattering.

"You been da longa time coming," he said. "Gal'way—he badda hurt—on da balcony. We getta locked out, an I climb up here an' put out da light. Finda Gal'way queeck—he maybe froze by dis time."

The workmen could only stare. Pietro gesticulated impatiently. "Hurry!" he cried.

They started back inside the cupola then, and Pietro, switching the searchlight on again, followed them. They were soon on the gallery and found Galloway still unconscious. Carrying him inside, they got him downstairs and presently were waiting with him in a room on the ground floor until an ambulance should take him to a hospital.

It was delightfully warm in the big room, Pietro thought at first, but presently his face and ears and hands and feet began to pain him terribly. One of the men stepped up and turned his face toward the light. "Frozen!" he ejaculated. "Guess you'll go along with Galloway."

There followed a long night of suffering on a white cot in a white little room. When morning came the nurse brought in a wheel chair in which a blanketed figure was seated. It was Galloway. The electrician grinned at Pietro. "Hullo there," he greeted him. "I got my senses back along in the night, and when I heard how I was kept from freezing to death I made these hospital folks bring me in here to see you. I've got a cracked head, and my feet are frosted a little, but that isn't anything. They tell me you jumped from the gallery railing to the cupola roof, so you could turn off the searchlight. Pietro, old boy, that was the nerviest thing I ever heard of! And to think I said you were afraid to try any stunts! That was the bravest stunt—"

Pietro smiled at the electrician and then closed his eyes. "Shut up," he said.



ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHUBBY CHUCKSTONE

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have heavy iron shoes on them. They can also go up and down hill without slipping, like a mountain goat.

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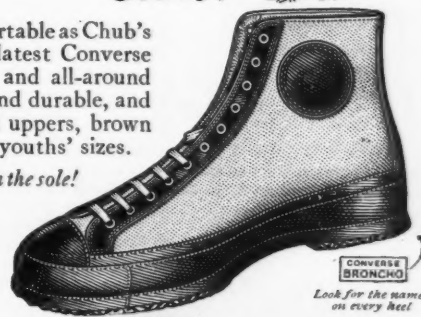
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FACT AND COMMENT

THE BEST OF MEDICINE is sometimes unpalatable. Truth is no exception.

When you have dipped your Cup, remembering That other Trailsmen thirst, Respect the Spring.

WOULD YOU BE CONSOLED for your troubles? Then go and console some one else for his.

A COLLEGE DIPLOMA is apparently a document to be treasured for its rarity as well as valued for what it represents. A man who has been gathering figures says that in 1920 the American colleges graduated only 36,718 men and women.

A NEW SLOT MACHINE that makes change is likely to throw out of employment many persons who work in the New York subways. They will go, we hope, to brighter and more healthful jobs. Any work in a subway that can be done mechanically should be.

NEAR-SIGHTED CHILDREN, in the opinion of the council of British ophthalmologists, should be awarded no scholarships intended to fit the incumbents for teaching. The opinion has naturally caused considerable dissent, especially among parents, but it is probably based on sound sense and looks to the ultimate good of the greatest number.

"SEED SCATTERERS" is the name of a society each member of which promises to scatter a package of perennial seeds by the roadside every year. The purpose is to plant seeds that will thrive in the particular place where they are sown, continue to bloom year after year and finally become part of the wild flora of the woods and countryside. The society exacts no dues; anyone may regard himself as a member as soon as he begins to do his mite towards beautifying some spot that needs it.

THE FASCIST PLAN of supporting right with might, irrespective of written law, seems to have got a following in many countries since the war. Mitsuru Toyama, a sort of Japanese Robin Hood, is said to exercise a powerful influence over the fortunes of Japan. He is an old man, but leads a large band of loyal retainers. Preaching and practicing the doctrine of might, the band is always ready to supersede man-made laws should the laws fail to satisfy their sense of justice and mercy. Toyama is said to be more feared than any other person in Japan.

COAL MINE OPERATORS in England are required by law to use "stone dusting" as a preventive of mine explosions. There have been no explosions in thoroughly dusted mines. The cost of dusting to the ton of coal produced is considerably less than the cost of watering, which is the practice in general use in the United States. The efficiency of watering has been put in question by recent explosions in what were considered as well-watered mines. Many kinds of rock are suitable for dusting, especially limestone and clayey shale. The United States Bureau of Mines has offered to assist American operators in applying the new method.

THE CANOEING SEASON brings so many deaths by drowning that a contributor to a Boston paper is moved to offer some rules that novices should observe. In getting into or out of a canoe, he says, step into the

middle of the craft and grasp both gunwales at once. In paddling keep the full length of the keel under water and your weight as low as possible. Do not stand up. If caught in a strong wind, kneel on the bottom rather than sit on one of the thwarts. Do not change places with a companion when you are in deep water and do not let more than one person change at the same time. Never try to steady the canoe by holding to anything on the bank, for if the craft drifts out it may overbalance. When paddling in a current or in rough water keep your paddle close to the side of the canoe.

THE COST OF THE LOAF

SOME officials of the Department of Agriculture have been doing a little research in respect to the cost of bread. Their discoveries are not without value, and we are especially interested in them because they bear on a question that we discussed a few weeks ago—the "spread" in price between the producer and the consumer.

The cost of a pound of bread varies considerably in different cities, but the proportion that the several elements in that cost bear to one another is not so very unlike. The analysis of the New York price—which is 9.73 cents—runs as follows: The farmer takes 1.50 cents; elevator charges take .07 cents; the miller takes .53 cents; freight charges on the wheat and on the flour take .52 cents; the baker takes 5.62 cents; the retailer takes 1.49 cents. In New Orleans, where bread is much cheaper than it is in New York, the difference is almost wholly in the lower cost of baking and retailing. Even in New Orleans the cost of the actual wheat in the loaf is less than one fifth of the price that the customer pays for it. The baker and the storekeeper get from each loaf of bread more than twice as much as the farmer, the miller and the railway get put together. It is the final distribution that costs.

And yet the baker and the storekeeper are probably not making exorbitant profits. They both have plenty of competition, for, though there are great baking concerns, there is no trust strong enough to crowd the independent baker out of business or to control the storekeeper. The price of bread might even be lower if there were such a trust, for a trust might be able to make such a saving in the cost of baking as to lower the price. Even if a trust got complete control of the public bakeries, it would still have to consider the potential competition of housewives. When bread gets too high in price the women can always out the cost to themselves by doing their own baking. And if they learn to do it well, they can make a better and more appetizing loaf than the baker can supply.

Some people believe that the milling charges are excessive; but the miller's entire profits, whether small or great, cannot be more than two per cent of the dime that the New York householder pays for his bread. Indeed, the operations of the state-owned flouring mill in North Dakota seem to prove that the gains of the business are not exorbitant, for the mill at Grand Forks has never made any profit at all.

It is distribution, chiefly in its final stages, that makes things expensive; for then small amounts of the product are handled, of course at higher proportionate cost in time, in labor and in capital. The price-spread will never be greatly reduced unless we revolutionize our methods of final distribution, and that might be attended with results not entirely welcome.

WHAT IS BENEATH THE SAHARA?

THERE is no region on earth more mysterious, more romantic, more fascinating, than the desert waste of the Sahara. The artist and the story-teller have long recognized its picturesqueness and its charm; now the more prosaic and more practical engineer is finding in it something to stimulate his imagination.

It has long been known that, although the Sahara is virtually rainless, there are veins of water beneath its sands. Here and there the springs come to the surface, and a green and fertile oasis is born. As every reader of modern fiction knows, the oases support a considerable population of Arabs and Bedouins. Ever since the French, extending their control southward from Algiers and Morocco, got possession of the western Sahara they have dreamed of magnificent projects of irrigation through artesian wells

driven through the living rock to the subterranean water channels below. Almost everywhere that they have sunk wells they have found water, though not always in generous quantity. Hitherto it has been the theory that the water was the seepage either from the rainy regions of the Soudan to the south or from the Atlas Mountains to the north. Now news comes from Paris that the French engineers have made discoveries that lead them to believe that there may be great subterranean lakes—perhaps even an underground sea—beneath the Sahara. Water drawn from depths of three hundred feet or more has been found to contain small crabs and fish, alive and active. Such creatures presuppose a sheet of water of some extent—and yet where can the water come from to fill so great a reservoir? The news dispatches declare that the fish resemble those that are found in the lakes of Palestine, but it is hard to believe that any direct connection exists between those lakes and the underground waters of the Sahara.

The whole matter—supposing the newspaper reports to be trustworthy—is mysterious; but then, as we began by remarking, the Sahara is always mysterious. The French will probably be less interested in explaining than in proving the existence of a great body of water beneath the desert; for, if there is such a body, their dream of turning the western Sahara into a vast oasis will become far more plausible than it has hitherto appeared. We can, however, depend on the men of science not only of France but of the world to give the geological puzzle all the attention it deserves.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT

SELF-ANALYSIS is likely to do more harm than good; but for those who are interested in ascertaining what sort of persons they are we would offer a suggestion. Let them ask themselves whether the hope of reward or the fear of punishment exercises the greater influence on their actions.

The question may not be easy to answer. Most people would indignantly repel the idea that fear of punishment has anything to do with the godly, righteous and sober lives that they lead. They have been brought up to know that certain standards of conduct are right, and they obey them without question. Almost as indignantly would they reject the insinuation that in doing what is right they are animated by the hope of reward.

Nevertheless, they are subject, consciously or not, to the influence of reward and punishment. If they live up to their standards, they are rewarded with the comfort of a good conscience; if they fall below their standards, they are punished with the discomfort of a troubled conscience.

People who are good enough citizens to have consciences that sometimes trouble them are, we think, responsive to the stimulus afforded by the hope of reward rather than goaded to goodness by the fear of punishment. They do right because they want to be comfortable in their own minds, not because they are afraid of being miserable if they do otherwise. Perhaps the distinction is finessed, but it seems to us important. Civilization is accomplishing its purpose only as it is bringing more and more people to a state of mind in which all the stimulus that they need is supplied by the knowledge of the rewards that life well lived offers. The fear of punishment can never be wholly taken away, but with the advance of civilization it should influence fewer and fewer people.

THE FRENCH CRISIS

FRANCE has just passed through a constitutional crisis of much interest and considerable importance. The Radical and Socialist left, which in the recent elections overthrew the Nationalist bloc of which President Millerand and Premier Poincaré are the leaders, undertook to make the President resign. Its parliamentary leader, M. Herriot, refused to form any ministry so long as M. Millerand remained in office. The President induced M. François-Marsal, a member of the outgoing cabinet, to undertake the task, but the two chambers of Parliament refused to recognize the ministry that he formed or to transact any business while it remained in office. In the end the President saw nothing to do except to resign.

The successful attempt to turn a president of France out of office on a political issue is

unusual enough deeply to excite the nation, yet is not, as some persons suppose, so revolutionary a proceeding as a similar attack on an American president would be. The president of France is elected for a definite term of seven years, it is true, but he is chosen not by the people, but by the Parliament itself. Unlike the American president, he is not the responsible head of the executive branch; the premier, who is removable on a vote of "no confidence" in Parliament, comes nearer to holding that position. The French constitution, it must be remembered, was drawn by politicians who neither expected nor desired that the republic should be long-lived; and they made of the presidency an office that when the time came could easily be filled by a constitutional monarch like the British king. The people of France do not think of the president as their special representative. His functions are largely ornamental, and when a hostile majority in Parliament sees fit to try to replace him with another there is no such angry protest as would arise in the United States if Congress tried to force President Coolidge, for example, out of office.

Much of the opposition to M. Millerand arose from his manifest disposition to increase the power and prestige of the presidency and to remain a party leader while he filled an office that, in French theory, is non-partisan. M. Poincaré before him had the same ambition, and many Senators and Deputies who are jealous for the superior power that the constitution gives to Parliament were ready to help "put the president in his place"—or rather to put him out of it!

The campaign against M. Millerand was therefore scarcely revolutionary. It was the revolt of a hostile majority against a president who, in its opinion, had abused, or at least stretched, his powers; and it was embittered by the sharp animosities, both personal and political, that the difficult situation of France since the war has aroused. It does not mean that the French government is crumbling or in any danger of crumbling, but it does reveal a certain weakness in the French constitution, and it has given a shock to a system of government that has always suffered from having been put together by workmen who were not sincerely interested in giving it permanence.

TRANSLATION

SAD as it is, and everlastingly to be regretted, the disappearance of Greek and Latin from our education seems now imminent and almost unavoidable. The disappearance of Greek especially may be called an established fact. Latin is so nearly basic in our civilization, as well as in our language, that it may have a longer hold. Yet of those who acquire the rudiments of Latin how few there are who get to read the Latin authors easily! Life and learning are full of too many things, and some must be resigned.

But at least let no one for a moment imagine that in these matters translations can take the place of originals. No translation can ever convey what is essential, spiritually essential, in a writer of real substance and power. Even in writers who deal with mere fact, men of science and historians, translations are untrustworthy and treacherous things, likely to pervert the writer's meaning in detail and sometimes his larger mental attitude.

But for works of imagination, for the great dramatists and poets, translation is simply hopeless. Every inspired author is a magician with words, and the tools he works with are just the words of his own language, which never have an exact equivalent in the words of any other. Indeed, if anyone is to recur to translations of great poets at all, the least literal is likely to be the best. The translations of Chapman, of Pope, of Shelley, of Fitzgerald, do not at all render the originals, but they give something different that is at least worth having.

The essential vice of translation is not that it gives only part of the treasure of the original but that it disfigures, degrades and debases the whole. Many and many an English reader tries the translation of Sophocles or Dante or Vergil and concludes with disgust that those great poets have been vastly overrated. The truth is that he is not getting anywhere near what Sophocles, Dante and Vergil actually wrote. It is far better not to approach those poets at all than through most of the current translations.

And the lesson is that it pays to work with all your zeal and industry at the acquisition of languages. The man of one language is

like one partly blind or deaf, cut off irretrievably from some of the greatest spiritual resources and pleasures of the world. Imagine knowing Shakespeare only through a French prose translation!

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THE WINGFIELD PAGEANT

is the new serial story that begins in the next number of *The Companion*. It is a lively, diverting tale that we are confident all our readers will like. The number is made notable also by a stimulating, brightly-written paper entitled

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It is by Miss Frances Lester Warner, whose previous articles for girls have been conspicuous for their excellence. Later in the year another article by Miss Warner will be printed—an article that will come straight home to many young women. It is entitled

THE GIRL WHO MISSED COLLEGE

She who is disappointed of a collegiate career need not think that the loss is irreparable. There is much that she can do to make herself equal in character and in culture to her more fortunate mates. It's a paper to look forward to. The number for July 10 will be rounded out with a story of a brave girl caught in a landslide, of a boy and a baseball game, and of a steer that helped a hard-pressed herder in a fight against wolves.

CURRENT EVENTS

WHEN Congress adjourned it left a long list of important legislation stranded and lifeless on the calendar. One of the great deficiency appropriation bills failed to pass; so did the bill for constructing eight new scout cruisers and reconditioning the first-line battleships; so did the resolution for financing the adjusted-compensation act and the bill appropriating money for highways and a score of other less important bills. That sort of thing happens altogether too often; it may indeed be said to be the normal situation at the end of a Congressional session. It is the result of the habit of Congressmen of wasting time recklessly in the earlier part of the session and of the curious rules under which the Senate does business, according to which any Senator is privileged to talk as long as he likes, even though he is talking with the avowed intention of preventing the majority from doing the essential business of the nation. This year, for example, Senator Pittman succeeded in blocking all business during the closing day of the session because the deficiency bill did not include money for a certain reclamation project in Nevada. He was acting in entire accordance with the immemorial traditions of the Senate, but most American citizens would prefer to see their lawmakers show less "courtesy" to obstructive colleagues and more attention to the duties they are commissioned to perform.

THE President did what the politicians call an "unpopular" thing when he vetoed the bill to increase the pay of post-office employees. His objections were that Congress had passed the bill without making any provision for raising the \$68,000,000 that the bill called for, and that, owing to three recent increases, the pay of the postal employees was not so inadequate as to require correction at a time when economy in government expenditures was essential. The bill failed to pass over his veto.

THE report of the Senate committee that investigated the oil leases was not so sensational as some of the testimony may have led newspaper readers to expect. Senator Walsh of Montana of course wrote

the report, and he is an able lawyer with a clear appreciation of the value of evidence and the credibility of witnesses. The document expresses the conviction that the order by which President Harding transferred control of the oil leases from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior was illegal and charges Secretary Fall with "utter disregard of the law and unwarranted assumption of authority." It also stigmatizes the loans that Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair made to Secretary Fall as being in the circumstances improper and corrupt. It exonerates Secretary Denby and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt from any complicity in the shady transactions and places no confidence in the stories of a conspiracy of oil operators to control the Republican convention of 1920. The "regular" Republicans on the committee did not sign the report and may present one of their own.

THE government of Canada has shown its good faith by joining our government in an agreement intended to make it easier to detect and to punish those who smuggle liquor across the border. According to the new agreement the two countries are to exchange information concerning persons or vehicles supposed to be engaged in carrying liquor across the frontier, government officials of one country are to testify at trials in the other country, and each government is to produce files and records in the trial of cases in the courts of the other country. There has never been any doubt that the Canadian officers were efficiently enforcing their own laws against the illegal transportation of liquor, but now that they may cooperate with our own inspectors they can do a great deal more than they have been able to do to check the scandalous amount of smuggling that has been going on across the border.

ACCORDING to Mr. Warren S. Stone thirty "labor" banks are now in existence and as many more are organizing. Mr. Stone adds that the labor banks already have resources of one hundred million dollars and are doubling those resources every year. Prohibition is one of the great influences that have brought about the increasing financial power of the working classes in this country. Mr. Stone thinks that in the last three years more than three billion dollars has been added to the amount of savings that the people had when prohibition went into effect.

IT appears that the shopmen's and underground-railway workers' strikes in London were organized and directed by Communist leaders. Neither the chiefs of the trade-unions nor the members of the Labor ministry supported the strikes; on the contrary they exerted all their influence to bring them to an end and at last succeeded. No one knows just how strong the real Communists are in England, though everyone—especially Premier MacDonald—would like to know. The refusal of the Labor cabinet to turn "Red" and its acceptance of the usual constitutional practices have seriously annoyed the Communist wing, and its leaders are making every effort to trip the cabinet and draw away from it the support of the workmen of Great Britain.

NO one could speak more enthusiastically of the Dawes report than Herr Stresemann, the German Foreign Minister. He calls it the "economic Bible of the present era." Largely owing to his earnest defense of the Dawes plan the Reichstag voted to accept it; but we should feel easier if the margin were larger. The vote was 247 to 183.

NOW that the soviet authorities have determined to curtail the activities of private business a great many of the "Nepmen," or private traders, have sold out, taken their money and literally buried it. The result is not entirely satisfactory even to the Bolsheviks. By retiring from business the Nepmen have thrown such a quantity of goods on the market that prices have broken and profits for the government shops have become almost impossible. By concealing their money they have further contracted a volume of currency already inadequate and put a considerable amount of wealth out of reach of the tax collector. These things all presage an increased deficit this year and perhaps another period of inflation that will send the chervonetz down hill in pursuit of the ruble.

SCHOOLS

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send to parents or others requesting it the catalogue of any Academy, Seminary, Military School, Business College, Art, Scientific, Music or Normal School, College or University.

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The Children's Page



When Little Bear Opened a Wide Door

By Frances Margaret Fox



When Father Bear was away on a journey Mother Bear and Little Bear fared forth seeking an adventure. They walked and they walked, but nothing happened except what might happen any day. Mother Bear laughed softly because she liked to jog along through the woods peacefully like that, but Little Bear was disappointed.

"I think it is queer that we can't have an adventure this morning," he said.

"Adventures usually come when we least expect them," replied Mother Bear.

Even so, Little Bear kept on poking his nose into thickets, rapping hard on fallen logs and thumping the ground, hoping to stir up some excitement. He was more and more disappointed every minute because nothing happened.

At last three huge wildcats appeared far down the trail. They were strangers.

"Don't stand still," Mother Bear advised him.

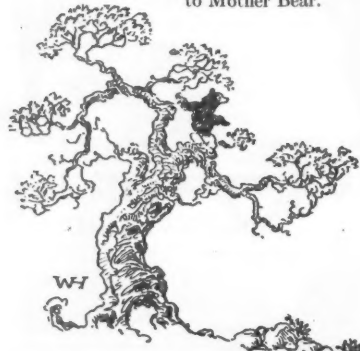
"Come along and pass them as if we were old friends, and nothing will happen."

Sure enough, nothing happened when the three wildcats met Mother Bear and Little Bear. They didn't even growl; they bowed politely and passed on.

"I wouldn't have tried to stop them for a bushel of blackberries," Little Bear whispered to Mother Bear and laughed.

At the bend of the trail they saw an old grizzly bear relative settling down for a nap beside a gray rock. Instead of saying a cross word to the travelers, that old grizzly winked one eye at Little Bear and then snored a loud snore for fun before he stretched out to go to sleep. Little Bear walked softly and rather quickly by this second chance to have an adventure.

"I wouldn't disturb his nap for a bucket of honey," he whispered to Mother Bear.



"Neither would I," she agreed and laughed with him.

It was high noon by that time and Little Bear was hungry. "Let's eat!" said he. So they did.

After dinner Little Bear wished to throw stones into a lake under the hill, but Mother Bear was sleepy.

"Suppose I take a nap in this cool cave behind us while you go to the lake and play by yourself," she said. "When you are tired come back to the cave."

Little Bear laughed when Mother Bear went into the cave, because the entrance was so small that she had to double up to get in. She filled the doorway.

"Now if you wish, I will close the door for you," offered Little Bear. "I'll get some branches—"

"You run along down to the lake," said Mother Bear as she gave Little Bear a push from the doorway. She knew that he was only trying to tease her because he had often heard her say that she never liked to wake up and find herself in the dark; neither did Father Bear. In the dark they couldn't tell whether they were awake or dreaming.

Mother Bear fell asleep quickly, and Little Bear ran down to the lake, where he threw stones into the crystal-clear water for a long time. After that Little Bear climbed a tall oak tree, and from the treetop of it he looked round to see what he could see. The next minute he almost fell out of the tree because of what he saw.

A wide, wide, plump-looking woman was walking along the hillside trail holding Goldilocks by the hand. Suddenly the woman stooped to peep into the cave. The next minute she straightened up and pointed toward the cave. She put the forefinger of her other hand on her lips and shook her head.

Little Bear knew that Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks, for that was who she



Mother Bear and Little Bear fared forth seeking an adventure

TO FAIRYLAND

By Mary Carolyn Davies

The little doors to Fairyland
Are, oh, so small and low!
The little doors to Fairyland,
Where truant fairies go
Who want to see the countries
grand
That lie outside of Fairyland.

The little doors of Fairyland
Through which the fairies pass,
The little doors of Fairyland
Are somewhere in the grass,
Perhaps between the phlox and
pink,
A little to the right, I think.

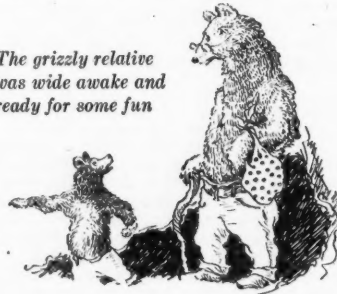
The next minute he almost fell out of the tree because of what he saw

was, had warned Goldilocks to keep still when she looked into the cave to see the Middle-Size Bear asleep.

After Goldilocks had peeped into the cave she danced about and nodded and nodded her head like a jumping jack.

Then Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks seated herself before the entrance of the cave as if

The grizzly relative was wide awake and ready for some fun



she were a wide, wide door, and pointed her finger down the trail. Goldilocks nodded her head again, and away she flew down the trail.

"She has closed the door," said Little Bear softly to himself, "and Goldilocks has gone for Father Goldilocks and the other folks to come and catch Mother Bear. I shall have to open that door!"

As Little Bear scrambled down the tree he did some fast thinking. He knew he couldn't scare away or push away that wide, wide, plump Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks. If he called Mother Bear, she would go to sleep again even if she did wake up, because she would find herself in the dark and believe that she was dreaming.

Swiftly Little Bear ran to the bend of the trail where the old grizzly relative had settled down to take his nap. Fortunately, the grizzly relative was wide awake and ready for some fun. When he had heard the story he went with Little Bear toward the cave. Softly he stole up the back way to the entrance, where Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks sat like a wide, wide door. She didn't see or hear him coming. She was fanning herself with a burdock leaf when the old grizzly slid in from behind and sat down beside her.

That is all the old grizzly bear relative did. He just sat down beside Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks and leaned against her in a friendly fashion. Just at the minute when Great-Great-Aunt Goldilocks saw who was



Away she ran like a great two-footed pumpkin

sitting beside her as if they two were old cronies, Little Bear shouted in her ear, "Open the door, if you please!"

She did! She said something that sounded like "O-woof! O-woof! O-woof!" and away she rolled down the hill, over and over and over. Then up she jumped and away she ran like a great two-footed pumpkin. The old grizzly relative followed slowly after her, laughing so hard that his huge sides shook.

Mother Bear came into the daylight rubbing her eyes. "Are you ready to go home now, Little Bear?" she asked sleepily.

WHEN

I HELP MOTHER

By Elsie Williams Chandler

There's a fairy in the broomstick
When I sweep the kitchen floor
Who makes the dust from corners
Go flying out the door.

There's a fairy in the kettle
Who sings a cheery lay
That keeps my feet a-dancing
And makes my work seem play.

There's a fairy in the dish pan
Makes the soapsuds fly about
And sends the dinner dishes
A-hopping in and out.

There's a fairy in the pillows
Who helps me make my bed
And smooths the sheets and blanket
And straightens out the spread.

Mother says some fairy
Is round the house, she knows,
Because she sees fay magic
'Most everywhere she goes!



Old grizzly slid in from behind and sat down beside her

"Oh, yes, if you please," answered Little Bear. "We have had our adventure!"

Then he told her all about it; and how they laughed as they jogged happily down the trail toward home, there to tell Father Bear how Little Bear had opened a wide, wide door while Mother Bear was dreaming!

THE LITTLE BUMPS

By Charlotte E. Wilder

PEOPLE called them the little Bumps for short, but their real names were Betty and Bobby Bumpstead. Bobby was almost grown up; he rode a bicycle and went camping with the Boy Scouts. But sometimes when he had nothing more important to do with his chum he let Betty play with him.

"Betty, are you coming?" called Bobby from his high horse in the branches of the apple tree. Certainly Betty was coming. Mother, who had been using her as a little maid in the kitchen, put her into a light blue coat, gave her a package of cookies and with a smile shooed her out on the back porch.

"All right, Bobby," she called. "Have your cookies in the shed and be sure to bring her in by four o'clock."

So with an air of being very secret Bobby and Betty went creeping to their den in the shed. A big fat hen scratched in the dirt floor, but Bobby threw her out before she even had time to cackle in surprise.

"O Betty!" he cried. "I bet she's hunting for hidden treasure! Let's find it ourselves. We can pretend that she is our enemy and has a large army. This will be a castle where the treasure is hidden, and you and I will have to defend it."

"Oh, let's," said Betty, and she laughed delightedly.

DRAWINGS BY
WALT HARRIS

"You be a queen," continued her brother, "and I'll be your bodyguard and protect you. Go and sit over there on that empty box; that's your throne."

Betty picked up her train like a true queen and pattered over to her throne and sat down. Just as she did so a loud cackling and a scratching sound came from outside the shed.

"Hear the war cries of our enemy," whispered Bobby. "They are marching toward us."

Betty giggled.

Sharp yellow claws and beaks began to appear in the crack under the wall of the shed.

"They are attacking the castle," cried Bobby. "Fear not, my queen, I will protect you. And yours shall be the hidden treasure." He made a low bow before her majesty and then began to close up the opening with an old sack and some straw that had been scattered over the floor of the shed.

For a time there was silence, except for the pitter-pattering of little feet and the low chatter of the hens among themselves.

"The enemy plots against us," said Bobby and nodded his head wisely and sat down with his back against the door.

"I get dreadfully hungry when I'm excited," said the queen in an unequally fashion. "Let's eat the cookies now."

"Her majesty shall have refreshment," answered Bobby and opened the bag with dignity. They munched and crunched to their great satisfaction and then began to look all round carefully for a spot where the treasure might be hidden.

"Where do you guess it can be?" asked Betty.

"Mayhap it is buried in the ground here, where our enemy was digging."

"Maybe it's in this box," said Betty suddenly. But no, the box was perfectly empty. "Maybe it's up on that shelf." But no, the shelf held only a few scattered strands of straw.

"What's 'way over there in that box in the dark corner?" Just as the queen spoke a yellow head peeped over the side of the box and clucked loudly as if to say, "I am. How-do-you-do?"

"Why, look at that," exclaimed Bobby. "Old Thornyclaws was inside all the time. She must be the keeper of the hidden treasure. Let's see what you're hiding over there, old thing," and he crawled over and looked into the box. The next minute he had forgotten that this was a castle attacked by a mighty army, and that he was the protector of a queen.

He seized Betty by the hand and burst open the door, scattering the enemy to right and left.

"Mother, mother, what do you think?" he called. "Thornyclaws has six little chicks!"

And the queen came tumbling after, shouting as she ran, "Mother, think! Thornyclaws has six little, six little hidden treasures!"

❖ ❖

A DIFFERENCE IN OPINION

By Frances Crosby Hamlet

The Johnny-jump-ups waked for school

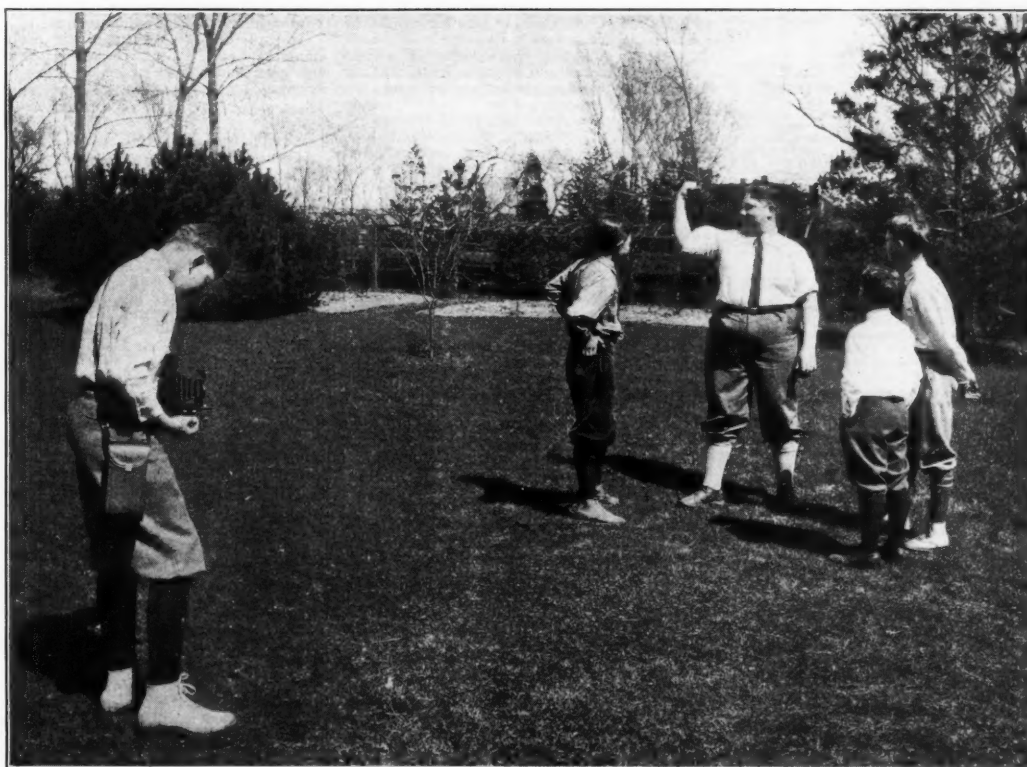
At the first peep of dawn;
The morning glories, starched and trim,
Smiled happily that morn.

The daisies too were in their place,
Gay buttercups were there;
But when Dame Nature called the roll
That morning—truants! Where?

Where were they? Not a posy knew;
At high noon, missing still.
But promptly at the closing hour
Came tripping down the hill

A little troop of four-o'clocks,
And into class they came
With eager faces, merry eyes,
And ne'er a thought of shame.

"But school is done," the teacher said,
Smoothing her straying locks.
"Why this is just our opening hour,"
Cried the puzzled four-o'clocks!



Get your Brownie out

Probably Fat Smith was concealing something up his sleeve besides muscle, but it was a great chance for your Brownie. That picture will get a laugh every time you show it.

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AFTER RAIN



GB Victor Starbuck

I never saw the sky so blue;
The rain has washed it clean.
The wisps of cloud are white and few;
The pastures, diademed with dew,
With cobweb-tented grasses shine
And buttercups between.

So shine the spirit's earth and sky,
Swept clean by storms of pain;
White thoughts go drifting, soft and high,
And golden-starred the grasses lie
With deeds of grace like buttercups
That open after rain.

CARRIED BY FRIENDS

IT was Anne Freeborn's first experience as a Sunday-school teacher. Indeed, it was a great many years since she had been in a Sunday school even as a pupil; she had outgrown all that, she had assured her girl friends. She had been through deep waters and had lost her faith. But when Loraine, her best friend, had been called to her sick mother and was worried about her Sunday-school class Anne, obeying a generous impulse that she rued a moment later, had promised to care for it.

Now, surrounded by the half dozen ten-year-old girls, she let them take their time about settling down. She watched while the little secretary marked the attendance and took up the offering. But at last there seemed to be no longer any excuse for not beginning the lesson. They were looking up at her expectantly. How should she begin? A happy thought came to her.

"What was your lesson about last Sunday?" she asked. "Who can tell me the story?" Half a dozen hands were raised.

"All right, you tell us," said Anne to one blue-eyed little girl.

"There was a sick man—too sick to walk," the little girl began. "He had been sick so long, and he wanted to be cured. But the house was crowded full, and anyway he was too sick to walk or try to get in. But he had some friends, and they carried him right up on to the top of the house. And they took off some of the roof and let the sick man down with some pieces of rope. They let him down right in front of the big crowd. And—there was Jesus!"

That was all. The little girl sat back, and her cheeks were a deep pink.

Anne waited for the rest of the story, if not from the same girl then from another. But they all seemed to think the story was finished. "There was Jesus!" What more need be said? To them it meant all that could be wished for or imagined—healing, help, comfort, whatever the seeker needed.

She opened her book and talked to them about the lesson of the day, but always there recurred the words, "There was Jesus!"

Loraine came back in three weeks, and as soon as possible she sought out Anne. Loraine found her curled up before the fire reading her Bible. "Getting her lesson for next Sunday," she thought.

When the greetings were over Loraine asked, "And how did you like teaching my small girls?"

A tender smile deepened on Anne's peaceful face. "I'm afraid I haven't taught them much, though I tried my best. You see, I know so little of all a Sunday-school teacher ought to know, but they taught me a great deal. It was as if I had been sick, too sick to walk and surrounded with crowds of bitter thoughts and doubts and prejudices. And the girls were my friends and carried me to where they could let me down into the inner room. And—there was Jesus!"

A SECRET OF HAPPINESS

DURING the war, writes a correspondent, I worked in a big munitions factory. My job wasn't thrilling; it consisted of inspecting cylinders of metal that were later going to be parts of machine-gun shells. Before me on the bench were about eighty pounds of the little cylinders perhaps two and a half inches long and a little thicker than a lead pencil. In inspecting the shells you thrust your left hand among them and brought it up with a lot of shells held, end up, so that they looked like a honeycomb. That was the hardest thing to learn. Then you looked at one side of the honeycomb to see whether the ends of the shells were perfect and poked out any that were not; then you flipped your wrist over and looked at the other side of the honeycomb. After that you let the shells roll slowly down your middle finger and into the other hand, and as they rolled you watched to see whether every surface were free from cracks or flaws. Before you on the bench were five little boxes, and as you found a flaw you threw the faulty shell into the box in which it belonged. Then you dropped the inspected handful into a box on the floor beside you and repeated the process—for ten hours.

I don't believe I inspected fifteen pounds my

first day, and then I didn't see all the bad ones, but by the time I went back to college I was doing twenty pounds an hour. When Mata, the inspector, came round, I would say, "Mata, if you don't find bad shells in this box you're no good. I did them fast." But she would look through the box, and there would be no bad shells there. It took me weeks to learn that my eyes and my fingers were better workmen than my brain.

I think I learned the beauty of accuracy in those weeks in the factory. When I was in high school and college I used to dash off a paper, hurry through experiments or cobble a dress and trust to the general effect's being good. But you can't trust to the general effect when you're working for your country in war time. You must be accurate! And I learned that there is no excuse for not finding the flaws in your own work, hard though it may be to see them. But I learned that too.

Though it is hard to train your eyes and hands and brain to be accurate, once they have learned, you can do any given piece of work faster, working accurately, than you ever could by the hasty-and-cobble method.

And I learned to respect the men and women who work with their hands more than I had respected them before. Many of them work at dirty, uninteresting jobs, but the fact that they do them accurately wins many of our battles for us. And, last of all, I came to see that a task, done accurately, isn't a task any more, but a work of art. Have you noticed that people who are called artists often work harder than people who are called workers? And yet the artists enjoy every minute of their work? Perhaps that's one of the secrets of happiness—to do our tasks so that they turn into works of art.

A JEALOUS CHIMPANZEE

DON'T ever go away and leave the organ grinder's monkey to take care of the baby! The advice, quite unnecessary no doubt, springs nevertheless to our lips after reading a story that Sir Harry Johnston tells in his reminiscences. Perhaps we wrong the monkey tribe; perhaps all chimpanzees are not like Consul, whose acquaintance Sir Harry made during a trip from Africa to England. However, here is Sir Harry's story.

In the course of a few days Consul and I became almost inseparable. He slept in the next cabin to mine and came to me every morning when I was shaving, watching, but never interfering with razor or brush. All went well till after we had left Madeira. At Funchal a lady had come on board with her baby. In the daytime the cradle was placed on the upper deck in the fine June weather, and the baby soon roused interest and attention among the passengers, for it was pretty, good-tempered and quiet. As for the chimpanzee, he became exceedingly jealous of the child.

One day I noticed that Consul failed to present himself at luncheon. I went to the upper deck to see whether he were there and arrived just in time to intercept his attempt to throw the pretty baby overboard! He had taken it out of its cradle and was making for the side of the ship to hurl it over when I arrived and took it from him. The child smiled at me good-humoredly, but Consul's face as he turned away was tragic. Afterwards he had to be put into an iron cage.

STEVENSON'S DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT

STEVENSON loved to be dramatic. The attitude seemed to fit in nicely with his picturesque life. When Mr. Lloyd Osbourne was a small boy—so we learn from An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S. in Scribner's Magazine—the author startled him one day with an announcement that, coming to the boy as if out of a clear sky, fairly struck him dumb.

I was taking a walk with Stevenson, says Mr. Osbourne. He was silent and absorbed; I might not have been there at all for any attention he paid me. Ordinarily a walk with him was a great treat and a richly imaginative affair, for at a moment's notice I might find myself a pirate or a redekin or a young naval officer with secret despatches for a famous spy, or in some other similar and tingling masquerade. But this walk had been thoroughly dull; we had remained ourselves, and not a breath of romance had touched us; and moreover Stevenson's pace had been so fast that my little legs were tired. All at once he spoke, and here again was this strange, new intonation, so colorless and yet so troubling, that had recently affected the speech of all my elders.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "You may not like it, but I hope you will. I am going to marry your mother."

I could not have uttered a word to save my life. I was stricken dumb. The question whether I were pleased or not did not enter my mind at all. I walked on in a kind of stupefaction with an uncontrollable impulse to cry—yet I did not cry—and was possessed of an agonizing feeling

that I ought to speak, but I did not know how or what. All I know is that at last my hand crept into Stevenson's, and in that mutual pressure a rapturous sense of tenderness and contentment came flooding over me.

It was thus we returned, still silent, still hand in hand, still giving each other little squeezes, and passed under the roses into the house.

THE MILESTONES OF PENN'S WOODS

ALL the old roads out of Philadelphia had their distinctive milestones, not a few of which still stand as originally placed. The old Gulph Road to Valley Forge has many milestones along its pleasant way; one—the picture of which we print—bears William Penn's coat of arms, a shield with three balls. The old Germantown Road also has its share, and so has the road to Bristol. It is interesting to read from the minutes of the Philadelphia Contributionship for May 16, 1764, that the cost of the first milestones along the Bristol Road "with the expence attending the planting them amounts to Thirty-three pounds, Seven Shillings and five pence."

Those "expensive" stones have disappeared, having been replaced by others in 1804.

The Lancaster Turnpike, now part of the Lincoln Highway, had milestones along it at an early date. Thanks to the efforts of the Colonial Dames, many of the stones once lost have been found and replaced. A member of that society used an ingenious way of finding the stones

and determining the proper distance between them. She tied a white streamer to the tread and one spoke of her carriage wheel and then counted four hundred and seventy revolutions. Stopping, she oftentimes found a stone, either at once or after a bit of digging.

WHEN MR. PEASLEE TAKES HIS WIFE TO TOWN

"IT'S a kind of tirin' job," remarked Caleb Peaslee, letting himself wearily down into the cedar chair beside Deacon Hyne's back porch. "to take my wife to the city with me when I go in to sell some truck and haul back a load of fodder. I done it today, and I'm twice as tired 'sif I'd gone alone."

"I should think she'd be kind of comp'ny for you on the way in and back," the deacon observed.

"She is so; and I like her comp'ny well 'nough," Caleb agreed. "Tain't that part of it that's tirin'—it's after she gets there and gets to tradin' on her own hook that takes my time and my strength and—I might's well own up to it—my temper too."

"It always starts the same way," he went on. "I'll be thoughtless 'nough to remark the night b'fore that I'll have to drive into town the next day with some stuff, and in the mornin' she'll have her goin'-abroad clothes on when I come in from the barn to breakfast."

"I've got two-three things I'm needin'," she'll say, "and, bein' you're goin' to town, I guess I'll go along too and git 'em and save you goin' a special trip." And I'll begin to sense somethin' gloomy comin' to'rds me right then, but I don't seem to learn 'nough so but what it'll take me 'bout as much by s'prise 'sif it was the first time it ever happened," he admitted dejectedly.

"I ain't found out yit what you're c'mplainin' about," objected the deacon.

"I'm goin' to tell you now," Caleb hastened to say. "Take today; it's a pretty fair copy of many a time b'fore. I got started 'bout the same time as common, and when we got to the city I left her down in the square handy by the places where she'd be goin' to do her buyin'; and after she'd charged me over and over where to come to find her I went off to sell my truck and git it unloaded b'fore noon."

"Come noon I went to where she said she'd be, and she wa'n't there and didn't come till near three quarters of an hour afterwards



neither; and she acted sort of put out to find that I'd been waitin' a minute for her—but not half as much so as she would have been if she'd got there and I'd been a minute late. No, sir! I mebbe ain't got an awful pile of sense, but I've got 'nough to know that!"

The deacon nodded his complete agreement. "Well, we went same's we always do to an eatin' house, and after she'd found her glasses and read over everything on the bill of fare front and back and figgered what they'd come

to in money, s'posin' she was to order some of 'em, she done same's she always does—told the girl to bring b'iled dinner for both of us, that bein' the cheapest thing she could find that would be fillin' 'nough to be called a meal."

"I ain't findin' any fault with b'iled dinner; I like it first-rate," Caleb explained. "But I've never been able to figger out why she don't order it in the first place, seein' she knows all along she ain't got any idea of havin' anything else. But no! She's got to add up the diff'rent things and spec'late about 'em for twenty minutes or so; and then when she looks up and finds the girl standin' at her elbow she pipes up, 'B'iled dinner,' as natural as one of these talkin' dolls."

"Well, after we got our dinners at this noon I sot back and waited for orders, knowin' well 'nough they was comin'; but, seein' she'd said she only wanted to buy two-three things, I had a notion mebbe she'd only need me ten minutes or so to sort of gather 'em together for her; and then I'd get started 'bout buyin' the things I come in after. But"—he sighed—"I don't seem able to learn somehow."

"Comin' to gettin' her stuff together, I should say she must have gone up one side of that street and down the other and got more or less stuff in every place she went in; anyway, I hadn't got much more'n half of it b'fore I had to lighter one load over to the place where I'd left my hoss and git rid of it and then come back after the rest. I made three trips b'fore I collected the whole of it, and even then it took careful stevedorin' to git it packed into the wagon to suit her. More'n half of it was in cardboard boxes, and she wanted I should stow it so it wouldn't git jammed, and you do that in the back of a wagon, givin' each box a separte place, and when you've got done you ain't got much room to put sacks of fodder, and fodder for the critters was what I'd really come to the city for that day."

"It was gittin' along in the afternoon when I'd got her tended out on,—as I thought,—and I was plannin' to hurry a mite and git one or two things I felt I must have, when somethin' moved her to pry open one of the boxes and peek in—and then a good part of it was all to do over again. Seems she'd bought—or cal'lated she had—some blue stuff for a dress, and come to look into the box she'd got a kind of dark green. Fur's I could see one color looked about as good as the other, but there was no convincin' her; back she went, takin' me with her in case the girl was sassy to her, to shift the cloth and git the color she'd ordered. I'd admire to see," Mr. Peaslee observed rapidly, "any girl that'd give her any back talk in the frame of mind she was in then. Havin' me along wouldn't have helped any; I wouldn't have dared to yip once at a girl with as much sand as that!"

"It wa'n't any short job changin' the stuff and tellin' the girl what she thought of a store that'd try to palm off stuff a person didn't want, but we fin'ly got it changed and started, and then I looked at my watch and found if I wanted to git home in time to git the critters milked and my barn work done in any kind of season I didn't have a minute to waste. So I hove in the handful of things I'd had a chance to git for myself, and we shoved for home. She had plenty to say, but I was kind of grumpy."

"And when I told her tonight," Caleb said wearily, "that I hadn't got quite all the things I'd ought to 've got whilst I was in the city and that I'd have to make another trip she sot back in her chair and looked at me 'sif she thought I must be kind of feeble-minded."

"Good land!" she says. "You had the same time I did, and look what I brought home! Trouble with you," she says, "you dilly-dally too much and ain't got any idea of the value of time. Well, one thing," she says, "if you go in again t'morrow you'll have to go alone; I can't bother to go along to help you this time!"

"Whyn't you tell her jest what hendered you?" the deacon hazarded a little hardly; but the look that Caleb turned upon him abashed the deacon, and his talk faded away into a mumble of which the only words to be distinguished were "taking a joke!"

NO BOOKS FOR THE BOOK-MAKER'S SON

BOOK collecting is a passion that sometimes declares itself in unlikely quarters, but wherever it appears it takes complete and relentless possession of its victim. In his Forty Years in My Bookshop Mr. Walter T. Spencer tells some curious stories about book collectors.

Often enough, he says, I have been astounded to discover the nature of my customer's own profession or business; but when a little while after our first meeting in the Golden Cross Hotel Mr. William Wright's occupation was revealed to me I received the shock of my life. He was one of the biggest race-course book-makers in Paris! Across the Channel he was known as the millionaire "bookie"! He never appeared on the race courses in his own country.

Whenever he crossed from France—and he came often—there was sure to be a message commanding me to dine with him at the Golden Cross. On several occasions I met his two sons there also, down on a visit either from Oxford or from Cambridge. The elder son was present at the last meeting I ever had with the old gentleman; it was in 1891, I think, and we had been discussing the general increase in the price of

books. Suddenly Mr. Wright turned to his son and said:

"Well, John, I hope when I've gone you'll see properly to my books that I have taken so much care about."

"Oh, yes, father," the young man answered lightly, "I shall see to the books all right. I'll very soon turn them into money."

The hush that fell on the room at those words was terrible. They had cut the old father to the heart. Young Mr. Wright realized in a moment what he had done. But his father's manner made it impossible for anyone to speak.

"Very well, my lad," said Mr. Wright, reaching with great deliberation for a pen and paper. "I won't trouble you to do that."

He wrote then and there to Sotheby's, ordering the sale of his library. Nothing I could say, no repentance his son could show, made him alter his decision. His love of books and his pride in them was so great and deep that he could not bear to think they would ever pass into the unsympathetic hands of even his own son. That was the last of his book collecting, and I never saw him again.

ENGLISH APPLE RIMES

IN a recent English novel, much of the action of which takes place upon a Cornish farm a century ago, there is a striking scene in which on Christmas Eve the company adjourn to the orchard to invoke a blessing on the apple trees. A jug of cider is emptied at the root of an ancient tree; a time-honored rime is repeated, and at its close a gun is fired, so charged as to produce the biggest possible bang.

Not only in Cornwall but all over England such scenes used to occur, and even today an occasional echo of the old custom sounds from some remote, forgotten corner of the kingdom where in corrupted or abbreviated form it is still observed.

There were many forms of apple rimes—some pious, some superstitious, more nearly akin to magic and charms than to religion, and some merely expressions of hope and good wishes. Sometimes the orchard rite was observed at Christmas, sometimes in the spring at blossom time, sometimes in the autumn just before harvest. There was also a luck rime, recited on the plucking of the first fruit of the harvest, which was ceremoniously handed to a young girl, who halved and bit it. If a second apple were gathered before she had done so or before the recitation was completed, misfortune was sure to follow. Thus the lines run:

The fruit of Eve receive and cleave
And taste the flesh therein.
A wholesome food, for man 'tis good
That once for man was sin.
And, since 'tis sweet, why, pluck and eat;
The Lord will have it so,
For that which Eve did grieve believe
Hath wrought its all of woe—
Eat the apple!

The first mug of cider from the press was sometimes drunk to the health of the orchard and its lees cast upon the ground at the base of the finest or most ancient tree while this toast, handed down from no one knows how great antiquity, was repeated:

Here's to thee, old Apple Tree!
Be sure ye bud, be sure ye blow
And bring forth apples good enow—
Hate full, cars full,
Three bushel bags full,
Pockets full, mouths full,
Hearts full and thankful—
Hurrah, the Apple Tree!

A brief and popular toast for the planting season was this for the setting of a single tree or the first of an orchard:

Here's to the Apple! Here's to the Tree!
Here's to the King, lads, and here's to we!
To the Root—
To the Fruit—
And to be—
And to we—

Huzzay for the King, and the Farmer and the Tree!

THROUGH THE BLIZZARD FOR THE DOCTOR

THE first day of February, 1922, during one of the worst blizzards ever known in this part of the country, writes a subscriber from North Dakota, a neighbor of ours—Mrs. Sedor Opgaard—became violently sick and required the services of a doctor. After several vain attempts her people succeeded in communicating with Dr. A. C. Gronwald at Fort Ransom and explained the situation to him; but because his driver was sick and he himself did not know just how the sled road wound over the prairie he was afraid of being lost and frozen to death if he tried to make the trip alone. He told them, however, that if some of them would come after him, he would return with them.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the storm was at its worst; the air was so filled with fine powdery snow that a person could not see ten feet in any direction, the wind was blowing seventy miles an hour, and the thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero. That was the time when Mr. John Opgaard, a brother-in-law of the sick woman, and Mr. B. A. Smith, a neighbor whose wife is related to the Opgaards, decided to try to make the trip to Fort Ransom, a distance of seven miles, and bring the doctor out to the Opgaard home.

Taking a strong farm team and a farm sleigh,

they started. Before they had driven forty rods the team was down and had to be shoved out of the drifts, and the men were completely lost. After driving round for several hours and shoveling the team out of numberless drifts, the men saw a light; they drove toward it as best they could and, reaching the house, found they were back at the Opgaard home!

It was now eight o'clock in the evening, and the sick woman was no better. Taking a fresh team, they started once more to try to get the doctor. After much wandering round in the blinding snow and biting cold they again saw a light and drove toward it; this time they reached the home of Mr. Errol Smith, a brother of B. A. Smith, who lived four miles from the Opgaard place and about the same distance from Fort Ransom. It was now midnight. After eating a lunch and drinking some hot coffee they took a team belonging to Errol Smith and started on; Errol Smith himself accompanied them.

During the rest of that awful night the three men wandered over the prairie, shoveling their team out of drifts, freezing their hands, feet and faces and literally fighting for their lives. Time after time the team lay down and had to be unhitched and whipped to their feet, until at last they refused to go any farther. Covering the horses with blankets to keep them from freezing to death, the men walked round swinging their hands and stamping their feet till daylight, when as the storm abated slightly they discovered that they were in the timber along the Sheyenne River about a mile from Fort Ransom. They started on and at last reached the doctor's house.

Taking a fresh team, the three men and the doctor started on the return trip, which was no less hazardous except that it was now daytime. The team lay down and had to be whipped to their feet a good many times and had frequently to be shoved out of drifts. The men too were suffering terribly. At last the horses lay down and refused to go farther.

The doctor and one of the men started ahead on foot. The two others unhitched and unharnessed the horses and, turning them loose, started after the doctor and his companion, overtaking them presently. The four men then made their way to the Opgaard home, a distance of more than a mile from where they had left the horses. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when they reached the house, and the doctor was too late to save the woman's life.

The team was afterwards found alive, but they showed the effects of their hard trip. All round the country cattle and horses that were out on the prairie were found frozen to death.

Dr. Gronwald has since gone to Chicago to live, but the three other men are still living in our neighborhood. They are just common everyday farmers, but their names and the name of the brave woman who stayed through that night and day of storm and took care of the sick woman should certainly be written with the names of heroes!

HOW TO GET DECORATED

WITH the wholesale disappearance of crowned heads from the European scene ribbons and decorations are not so easily to be had as formerly. But here is a way of acquiring them that was once useful, if we may believe the story that the late Henry Labouchère told in his newspaper Truth.

I once conferred, he said, a vast number of decorations on an individual; that is to say, I told him how to get them. He was an Italian—rich, noble and a fool. He confided to me that life was a burden because he had no decorations.

I said to him: "Pay some one to write a book upon the antiquities of your province; pay some one else to illustrate it; publish it in folio and send a copy, beautifully bound, to every crowned head in Europe. Two thirds of them will repay you with a decoration."

Two years later I saw him again. He had followed my advice. He was covered with pieces of metal attached to variegated ribbons. He pressed my hand; tears of gratitude glistened in his eyes.

COURAGE, COMRADE

YOU cannot always recognize a man of science at first sight. Mr. Robert U. Johnson in Remembered Yesterdays tells of hearing an English woman, a writer, say to Nikola Tesla, the brilliant inventor:

"And you, Mr. Tesla, what do you do?"

"Oh, I dabble a little in electricity."

"Indeed! Keep at it and don't be discouraged. You may end by doing something some day."

This to the man who had sold the inventions used at Niagara to the Westinghouse Company for a million dollars and had lived to rue the bargain!

PARTLY ACCURATE

PEOPLE who make positive statements seldom enjoy being corrected. Lucky they who, like the father of a family in Punch, know how to rebuke the corrector. The father was taking his family through the natural-history museum. They all stopped before a great stuffed ostrich, and papa said:

"This 'ere is the hostrich, now extinct."

"But, dear," interrupted his wife, "surely the hostrich ain't extinct?"

"Well," declared the father tenaciously, "this one is."

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS—Continued from page 447

TOME

The ideal boarding school for boys, on the Susquehanna River, between Baltimore and Philadelphia. Prepares for Princeton, Yale, Harvard and other leading Universities. 15-acre campus. All athletics. Rate \$1100. Catalog, Murray P. Brush, Ph.D., Director Port Deposit, Md.

FAUQUIER INSTITUTE For Girls

64th year. Situated in the beautiful Piedmont region of Virginia, 55 miles from Washington. Thorough college preparation. Horseback riding. Outdoor sports. Modern buildings, 5-acre campus. Catalog. Rate \$550. Miss E. May Strother, Mrs. Katherine D. Carr, Principals. Box 41, Warrenton, Virginia

BLAIR

A College Preparatory School for Boys Founded 1848. Imposing buildings, fully equipped. Thorough instruction. Lower School for younger boys. Endowed. Write for catalog. JOHN C. SHARPE, L.L.D., Headmaster, Box Y, Blairstown, N. J.

Stuyvesant School

For Boys

In foothills of the Blue Ridge, 50 miles from Washington. College preparatory. 90 acres. New buildings. Individual instruction. Camping trips, man-making sports. Catalog. Address Headmaster, Warrenton, Va.

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

A high grade preparatory school with a moderate tuition. 112th year opens Sept. 17th. High elevation. Eight buildings. 100 acres. Farm. Separate dormitories for girls and boys. New gymnasium. Playing fields. Outing club for winter sports. Address CHARLES ALDEN TRACY, A.M., Headmaster, Meriden, N. H.

CHESTNUT HILL ACADEMY

For Boys. In the country, although only 11 miles from Philadelphia. Excellent preparation for college or technical schools. Small classes. Complete athletic equipment. Indoor tennis, basketball cage. Athletic training required. Horseback riding. T. R. HYDE, M.A., Yale, Head Master, Box 30, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

THE EASTMAN SCHOOL

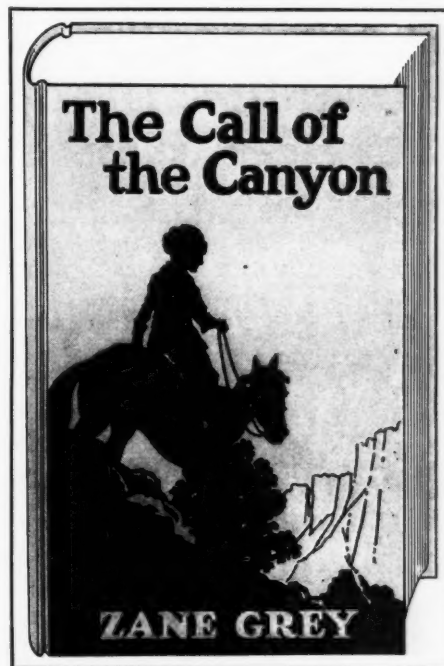
1305 Seventeenth Street, Washington, D. C. Boarding and Day School for Girls. Courses from Primary to College. Special Attention to Athletics. Dramatic work. Business Course. Catalogue on request. MISS E. J. BRYDON, Secretary

STAMMERERS
I can teach you to speak normally.
Send for free booklet telling how.
SAMUEL Y. ROBBINS
246 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

ZANE GREY'S NEW NOVEL

THE CALL of the CANYON

Another "Zane Grey"—another great story of the West by the master writer of the Western story. With that amazing faculty for always going himself one better, Zane Grey has made this an even more absorbing book than its predecessors.



OUT there where the sunsets flare red, and the eternal mountains loom, and lonely deserts stretch for leagues under the stars, out there in the quivering solitude of the Painted Desert lies Zane Grey's country, which we have learned to know in all its purple vastness and emptiness and romance through Zane Grey's novels.

No one has ever seen this country from a car window; it is beyond that range of peaks, where only the cliff-dwellers, the red men, and long years after-

ward, the bolder spirits of the white race have penetrated. A sweeping panorama, broken here by the rush of the Colorado River through its giant canyon, there by the uprearing of a peak which would seem to cast its shadow across the whole world—there is the setting for Zane Grey's latest novel, "The Call of the Canyon."

In "The Call of the Canyon," we have Zane Grey at his best—a story which in background, characters and incidents many hundreds of American readers have come to look for from Zane Grey—the kind of story which has made him the most popular living author in the world—the kind of Zane Grey story which is strong and gripping, about real, understandable people, against a background right here in the United States which is magnificent and extraordinary.

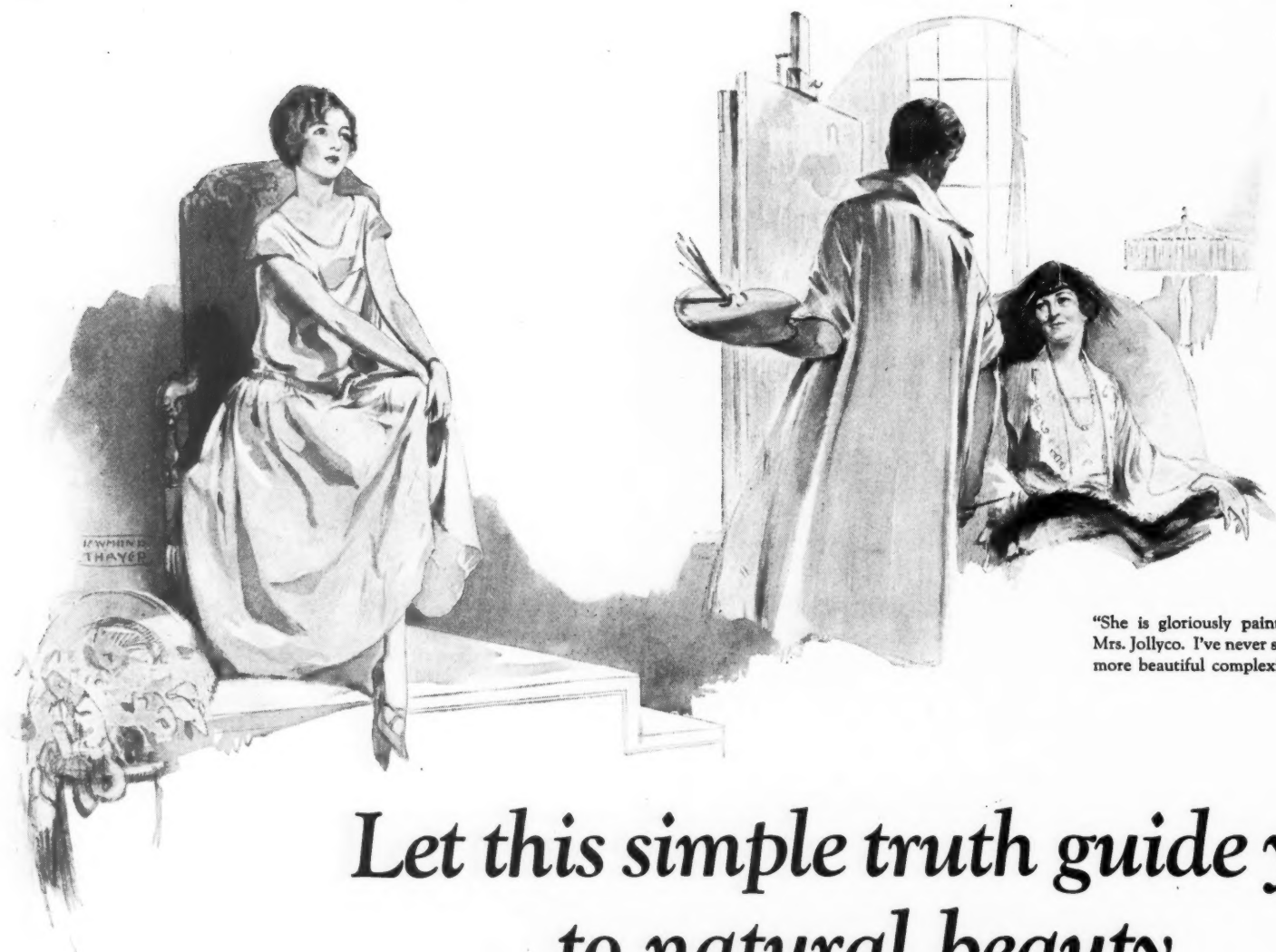
How Glen Killbourne and Carley Burch, his fiancée, find the lure of the mountains and canyons of Arizona a strange test for their love, makes a tale which the reader will follow breathlessly, with keen satisfaction, from the very start to the dramatic close. It is a thoroughly fascinating story written in the author's happiest vein.

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS BOOK FREE

Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion and we will present you with a copy of The Call of the Canyon, by Zane Grey, sending the Book to you postpaid. Regular price of the Book is \$2.00.

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"She is gloriously paintable, Mrs. Jollyco. I've never seen a more beautiful complexion!"

Let this simple truth guide you to natural beauty

EVERY woman should rightly make a special effort to maintain a beautiful complexion. But this effort may cause you to overlook one simple truth—soap's function is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform.

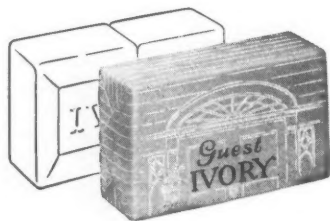
Dermatologists agree on this important point: Only by cleansing the skin thoroughly, yet gently and safely, can any soap help to promote beauty. And only pure soap can cleanse thoroughly and safely.

You know already that Ivory Soap is pure—that it contains no medicaments, no coloring matter, no strong perfumes. If we had felt that any

additional ingredients would improve Ivory, you may be sure we would have used them long ago.

But perhaps it may surprise you to know that simple washing with Ivory is the very finest treatment you can give to your skin.

A face-bath of Ivory and warm water, once or twice daily, gently removes the film of dust, oil or powder and thoroughly cleanses the pores. Then a quick dash or two of cold water brings a fresh, lovely, natural color. For unusually dry skins, the use of a small amount of pure cold cream is recommended. This simple treatment is effective, safe and economical.



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IT FLOATS

The millions of friends of Ivory and the multitude of women who have been using much more costly soaps, have welcomed the new, graceful cake of Guest Ivory. Fashioned for slim fingers, this dainty white cake is genuine Ivory Soap—with all of Ivory's traditional purity and mildness—as fine as soap can be. Yet Guest Ivory costs but five cents.

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